THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER OF AMERICA.

Vol. 69. PUBLICATION OFFICE No. 726 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY JUNE 14, 1890. $8.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE FIVE CENTS A COPY. No. 49

THE BETTER LAND.

BY RITA.

There is a land mine eye hath seen,
In visions of enraptured thought,
So bright that all which spreads between
Is with its radiant glory fraught.

A land upon whose blissful shore
There rests no shadow, falls no stain;
There those who meet shall part no more,
And those long parted meet again.

There sweeps no desolating wind
Across that calm serene abode;
The wanderer there a home may find
Within the paradise of God.

A Desperate Deed.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A PINCH OF PATCH WORK," "SOMEBODY'S DAUGHTER," "A MIDSUMMER FOLLY," "WEDDED HANDS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER LXIII.

NOW he was no longer dreamful; now he was alert, excited!

To detain him—Lionel Curzon! They talked of holding him for the murder of Sir Geoffrey Damyn! Oh, it was absurd, preposterous!

He flung back his dark head, sent an indignant glance circling around. Friendly faces met his gaze—faces, too, with condemnation in their very air of evasion.

Impetuously he turned to the Earl.

"Did you hear what they are saying?" he cried.

The furious, resonant young voice, the indignant young face! They touched Lord Silverdale to the heart.

One long, sad look he gave the accused man. But he was silent.

Instantly Lionel recollected — comprehended.

He must not look to the Earl to clear him. To any other—oh, not the Earl!

He bowed his head; not a word. The action, freighted with submission, with grave politeness and surrender, was all sufficient.

Some routine matters were transacted, then gradually the crowd thinned out, and Lionel found himself alone with Mr. O'Donnell.

Impulsively he turned to him.

"Will you tell me, Mr. O'Donnell, candidly, what makes them suspect me?"

Very troubled grew the rosy face of the old Irishman.

"My dear boy—forgive me, but why should they not? I don't believe you heard one word of the evidence."

He gave a short laugh.

"I don't believe I did."

"Here you had quarelled with Damyn the day before Chistmas. You were supposed to be rivals, you two. You had even gone so far as to use threatening words to him."

"I?"

"You!"

"I never did!"

"You forget," the old gentleman interposed gently. "The time when all you young folks were decorating the library—you had some sort of a jealous dispute."

Curzon's fine eyes flashed fire.

So her name was to be dragged into this most wretched business, was it?

"What did I say?"

"Something about giving him a reply the following day which you hoped he would relish."

Sure enough! he had said that. But he had meant it in a very different sense from that in which it was taken.

"Well, go on."

There was a burning glow in the smooth, dusk cheeks.

"He left the house, promising to return about half past ten. About that hour you insisted on leaving. You bring back news of his death. Caught in his coat is your cat's-eye—torn from your watch-chain. Tight in his fingers are grasped some hairs, the color and length of yours. Don't ask me to say any more, Curzon! Faith and it's not myself would have answered you so much were it not that I know you ask me to do so as a friend."

Lionel caught the outstretched hand, wrung it heartily."

"I did so ask you, and I thank you," he said.

As for the Earl, with one wild, faint hope animating him, he had hurried out of the library, up the stairway. If he had only been mistaken as to the identity of the revolver he had purchased from Rick Pollen! If it were only one like that other.

But no. The boudoir was empty when he reached it; he hastened to the cabinet, touched the spring. Just as he feared—the revolver was gone.

And Lionel Curzon, as fine, as frank, as noble a young fellow as lived in all England, was suspected of the crime his (Lord Silverdale's) wife had committed.

That was a case in a nutshell. And it was driving him mad.

He flung out of the room, down the stairs, donned coat and cap, and was out of the house—all in a tearing hurry.

He was stifling in there, under the same roof with her. He must get out—away, anywhere. Down the avenue he hurried, on and on.

Suddenly he paused. Here, just about here, the tragedy must have occurred. The swirling snow had of course blotted out all evidence of a struggle, hidden even the blood stains which might otherwise be visible.

The place was trampled. A good many morbid sightseers had been there, until the Earl had ordered that the demesne gates be kept locked.

With bowed head, his hands thrust deep in his over coat pockets, up and down for the distance of twenty yards, and under the oaks and out again, his lordship wandered.

Was he looking for a clue? Could there possibly be anything he hoped to find?

He did not know himself. He only knew that he felt old, disgraced, heartbroken, and that the road before him was so steep, so jagged, he almost wished with Hamlet that "the Almighty had not fixed his canon 'gainst self slaughter."

To let Lionel, innocent as he knew him to be, be taken to prison? or, to tell the truth, and save him? But in that case, Lilian, his wife——

There he stopped. There it seemed all his plans, all his cogitations began and ended. He could think no farther than that—absolutely could not face the possibility beyond.

Mechanically he stooped and picked up a tiny object which caught his eye. Quite casually, quite carelessly he glanced at it.

A flower—a little, faded, crumpled thing, which some one had dropped here—a faded, red rose.

He crushed it in his hand as though it had stung him. His heart gave one great, sickening leap.

A red rose! and Heaven knows he needed no further confirmation! She had worn red roses at her breast last night!

CHAPTER LXIV.

"Lionel!"

It was almost a shock to come so suddenly face to face with him.

The Earl was ascending the broadly-balustraded steps.

Curzon had just left the house. On the top step the men met.

"Oh, I'm not yet cribbed, cabined and confined," the young fellow said, laughingly. "I'm to have a preliminary hearing you know. I'm going home. Thawing, isn't it?"

It was. The little hillocks and drifts were leveling perceptibly.

The sun had apparently grown weary of sulking, for he was sneaking out from his hiding place at last with a rather feeble but kindly grin.

How handsome, how serene, how superbly nonchalant the young man looked. Surely he could not be at heart indifferent to the awful aspersion cast upon him!

No, not that. The Earl recalled that quick, leonine rage of an hour ago—the brilliant, passionate gaze he had turned on him—the cry of insulted pride, of anger, of resentment,—

"Do you hear what they are saying?"

Not indifferent—no. And yet how cool he was now—cool and collected. Could he be playing a part? He must be. But for what purpose? If he knew aught of the truth he could imagine him feigning thus, to save his friend from shame, his friend's wife from degradation, even at the cost of his own good name.

He could very well imagine him doing that. The Curzons had always been "good haters," after Dr. Johnson's own heart, and are not such always loyal lovers? Blood tells. They were an old race—a grand race—and this their descendant, and the last of the line, was just as true, just as dauntless—reckless, if you will—as any of his ancestors whose portraits hung below their swords in the old dining-room of Curzon Towers.

But there was no reason, his lordship assured himself with an impatient shoke. He could not—did not suspect. He was merely, through pride, masking his real feelings with a visitor of dare-devilism.

"There is some misunderstanding, my boy. This wretched affair is sure to blow over——"

Where was all his resolution, his confidence, gone? He felt weak as a child. He fairly broke down over the reassuring words.

Lionel laughed lightly.

"Of course there is, my lord. Puck was right, wasn't he,—

"'What fools these mortals be!'"

The Earl eyed him keenly. The face, with the straight, classic outline, handsome nose, square chin, bold, steady, black-lashed eyes, was bright and gray and unsuspicious. There had been no bitterness in the parrying reply.

"Have you seen Iva?"

A random shot, but sped straight home. A sudden gravity swept over—subdued him.

"No," he answered, quietly.

"She will not like to have you leave without——" the Earl began, with nervous politeness.

But Curzon cut him short.

"I think it is better we should not meet, as things are," in a low voice, but with decision.

"But, dear lad, you don't suppose that she, or I, would think——"

The speech, nasty with guilt, remained unfinished.

"I think only well of my friends," Lionel replied, simply.

Then he took out a cigar, lit it, put it between his lips and was turning away, when Lord Silverdale started forward.

"Lionel?" wistfully.

There was a timidity, an appeal in the way he put out his hand.

He was a good man—a sincere, honest, high-souled man—and this passive wrong he was committing, this tacit crime of letting an innocent person suffer, was bitter as death itself to him.

Curzon's hand was out of his pocket in a flash—had clasped the Earl's warmly.

"Good-bye, Silverdale! We're going to have pretty bad road roads for awhile, aren't we? Well, I'm off. Tell Mrs. Vere to hold me in her heart; there must be room there for three like me. I would hate to have Barlston out me out."

And laughing back the last words, he took his erect young figure down the steps, through the melting snow, along the glistening avenue and away.

And the Earl stood and looked after him, with a tightening around his heart, a sudden stern compression of his bearded lips.

CHAPTER LXV.

"You have heard, of course?"

But even as he spoke he knew that she had not.

On that great curving sweep of the first landing father and daughter met. The dark blue morning suit he wore enhanced his paleness.

She noticed it at once—also his anxious frown.

"I have heard nothing. I've been with mamma, just now with Mrs. Brown."

The light from the painted gothic window above streamed on her golden head and threw above it a rainbow-radiant halo. It touched the pure, fair face, the simple sombre gown, the pretty patrician hands, the bunch of jingling household keys she carried.

"Curzon is detained on suspicion."

With an effort he brought it out.

She looked at him blankly.

"He is only suspected, you know," hurriedly—"only suspected."

She did not take her glance from his agitated countenance.

'Only suspected of what?"

Would she not understand?

He wished emphatically he had left to some one else the task of explanation.

"Of—causing the death of Sir Geoffrey!"

There. To save his own life he could not have said "murdered."

Silence.

He could feel her shining, incredulous eyes piercing all his affectation of ease, flaming through the air of studied calmness.

"Of killing him?"

"My dear child, what a voice of horror! Yes."

Again a provoking silence.

"Well, Iva?"

His lips like those of poor Marian Erle, "just motioned for a smile and let it go."

"Well, this then!" She drew herself up with flushing cheeks and curling lips and violet eyes of kindling wrath. "I think you ought to be ashamed of yourself—you, his friend, to repeat—even to repeat—such an infamous lie!"

And she went swiftly away from him down the black and polished stairway, her sunny head held queenly high, her sad and soundless robes trailing behind her.

The Earl went on to his wife's apartments. There was a faint perplexity in his mind.

Did Iva care for Lionel, really care for him? Or was her impetuous defence born of the faith of friendship?

Through the half closed venetians of my lady's chamber, into the green and perfumed gloom, slanted cheerily the yellow December sunshine. Across the rich, deep carpet it lay in heavy bars; it touched, like fairy fingers, the ivory keys of the piano; it lit to unearthly and sorrowful beauty the pictured face on the easel—the face of Guido's Magdalen.

The half-dusk half-lightsome room; the ruddy fire in the glittering grate; the flick-

ering fugitive light; the scent of hot house flowers—how restful, soothing, delightful it all looked!

But was not my lady here?

Standing at the door, the inner portiere half-pushed back, the Earl glanced across the sprawling-legged chairs, the pedestaled Carras, the little, low, magazine-laden brass tables.

Yes, over there, close to the hearth as usual—for she loves warmth as does a tropical bird—coiled up on a puffy Turkish divan he saw the familiar childish figure.

She wore a negligee of some thick, shiny, creamy stuff, all bordered with silvery fur. It fell over the lounge's edge in heavy, graceful folds. High in the throat, long in the sleeves was the pretty gown, and the face which rose above it was no longer wan and weary as it had looked this morning when she had bent over Geoffrey Damyn's dead body.

He noticed the changes as he went straight to her.

She had been reading evidently. On the rug lay scattered a mass of Christmas periodicals.

"Ah, Harold!"

She raised herself on her elbow, smiled up at him. They had not met since this morning when she had answered him so hotly. She regretted it now—wished at least she had spoken with more self-control.

No answering smile rewarded her graciousness. Within ten feet of her he stood very grave and silent.

It was rather bewildering to her, this unresponsiveness.

She had flattered herself into quite an happy frame of mind this morning. All the old romance was over—he who had created it, dead. In his grave it should be buried. She would look back no more.

Retrospection was so extremely foolish at best. Damyn was dead—Willie was dead. No tie of those bygone days bound her.

No suspicion rested upon her. To her eager vision the years before her stretched sweet and serene, the peace of paradise upon them.

But here was the Earl looking down upon her with an expression new to her—cold repressive, concentrated.

She laughed, but the sound rang false. She held out one, small lace-ruffled hand.

"What is it, dear? Don't you find my dress becoming? Am I too pale? or were the muffins cold?"

Certainly she was not pale. Indeed she looked extraordinarily pretty. Her cheeks held the vivid tint of the berries which come to the rose-bushes when the roses have fled.

There was an air of satisfaction, esprit about her, almost a gladness, which recalled the girl he had loved and wedded at the old Abbey in Devon.

But no sadness or depression of spirits could have hurt the Earl so terribly as did that look.

He let himself fall into a chair by her favorite desk, a spindle legged artistic thing of polished ebony inlaid with mother-of-pearl.

"Your dress is exquisite. You look lovely. And the breakfast was perfection. But the verdict was not so wholly gratifying as your gown, your beauty and the muffins."

Something of that contented smile slipped from her countenance. How gravely, satirically, he had said that!

"What was it?"

Fully her large grey eyes met his.

"Curzon is detained on suspicion, and will be tried at the next assizes!"

She sat straight up. The pupils of those large bright orbs of hers dilated with horror.

"Under suspicion of having murdered Sir Geoffrey?" she cried.

She had no hesitation about using that hideous word.

He bowed.

She sprang erect, all those fair, rich draperies of hers swathing her lithe, little body and sweeping around her feet.

"They must be mad!" she panted. "Lionel Curzon! Why he never touched—he never harmed him!"

Icy and interrogative the smile with which his lordship regarded her.

"No? You are certain of that? Then perhaps you can tell us who did?"

Where was the bloom of the rose-berries now?

She sank down on the divan, colorless and quivering.

"I? 'In astonishment too intense not to be feigned. "I? Do you think I am an astrologer—a clairvoyant? What should I know about it?"

What, indeed?

And yet she had shot him dead?

He turned his gloomy gaze upon the fire. And all at once, as though he read it in the glowing coals, he knew the reason why!

CHAPTER LXVI.

FEBRUARY!

And the day was almost done.

Hard and ringing were the roads; sweet and stimulating as wine the deliciously frosty air.

Up the Castle road from Rothlyn a horseman came. Firm and restraining was the hand which held the spirited mare in check grim and stern the face which looked straight ahead.

How was it all going to end? he asked himself, despairingly.

He had just come from the county prison where Lionel Curzon was confined for the murder of Sir Geoffrey Damyn.

At the preliminary examination the suspicions rpe against him had been strengthened by his own curious bearing.

Not one word in his defence would he say.

He and Sir Geoffrey had some hot words—yes. The threatening speech referred to? He had so spoken. He knew Damyn was to return about the hour he insisted on leaving Silverdale Castle? Assuredly! When he had left the house and gone on down the avenue, a riderless horse had passed him. Soon afterward, he had seen quite plainly in the moonlight the body of the deceased. Had he hastened back to give the information? Yes, after convincing himself life was extinct. How then did it happen the groom had come on him standing stock-still below the lighted windows, apparently not intending to enter?

To this question the accused deigned no reply.

Indeed, he said very little any way. He stood up before the good, conscientious, thick headed magistrates, cool, handsome and wholly non-committal.

They pro'd and con'd and shook their wise heads, and decided it was really awful the idea of committing such a charge on one of the largest landowners in Sussex, and out and out young aristocrat as that, but they felt obliged to confirm the recommendation of the jury.

He had absolutely no defence. His mere denial was worth nothing. And his attitude of supreme indolence, indicated a callous conscience, a hardened criminality quite shocking to behold.

So finding conclusively that two and two made four, and flinging in another four for luck, they committed Lionel Curzon for trial at the next assizes, which were to be held in April at Lewes.

And the prisoner had bowed quietly, sent home by his servant the dog which had followed him, and had gone straight to the gloomy old Castle.

There, to-night, the Earl had seen him—had tried to speak praisefully and reassuringly to him—had failed.

He was thinking it all over now as he rode slowly home through the chilly February sunset.

A plucky lad! Not the kind of a man to court notoriety, and here it was thrust on him with deplorable vehemence.

The Earl of Silverdale was famous in more countries than one—known widely because of his social position, his political influence, his philanthropic endeavors.

The fact that on his estate, at the doors of his home one of his guests had been shot down in cold blood—presumably by one of his own order—was sufficient to draw upon the accused the legion eyes of Europe.

The local and country papers of course made the most of the affair. The London dailies sent down special correspondents, the illustrated periodicals despatched their best artists to Rothlyn.

The case, when it should be called, promised to be one of overwhelming interest.

Was there not a rumor that the prisoner was a rejected suitor, who had murdered his successful rival?

A canard! Perhaps; but it was ecstatically sensational all the same.

So the detectives of the press swarmed through the little town, and planted their cameras before the goal and sent up their cards to the accused, soliciting an interview; and made their way into the demesne of Silverdale, and grew confidential with the lodge keepers and fraternal with the stablemen, and sent the result of their labors in bulky packages up to London.

And under all of this current of excitement ran fiercely, and the Earl knew it—a great horror of, and contempt for, the perpetrator of a deed so essentially detestable and cowardly.

But Lionel himself? Well, he was a mystery. It must gall him terribly, such a proud, high-strung young fellow, all this ebullition of vulgar curiosity, all this keen and cruel condemnation, all this secret scorn and expressed derision and cynical scorring.

But he did not show it—not he!

Never was my lord's own fair daughter, in the chaste and fragrant seclusion of her boudoir, more utterly at ease, more gaily insouciante than this suspected murderer lodged in Lewes goal.

"Steady, Molly!"

He drew in the curvetting creature with a jerk.

He had passed through the gates, was riding up a seldom-used western avenue, and Molly Bawn had flung her delicate head high, and was prancing along in a manner too coquettish to be wholly comfortable.

The greater number of the Christmas guests had gone from the Castle. The few remaining he really begged to stay, so much he now dreaded solitude.

For between him and his wife a vast and unbridgeable river seemed to roll.

Ever since that morning in her boudoir—the morning of the day after Christmas—he had never wished to hold her gaze with the fondness of his own; had involuntarily shuddered at the sound of her voice.

For then he knew, for then it had dawned on him, that the reason of the death of Sir Geoffrey Damyn was one extremely simple. She—Lilian, his wife—had told the truth on Christmas Eve when she had cried out so frantically, "My own child!" She had not spoken from hysteria—that he knew now.

The boy who died had been hers—born of her—and Sir Geoffrey Damyn was its father.

Incredible? It sounded so; but in that moment of her boudoir fire he knew, as now he also understood, that she had spoken the truth.

Fool that he was not to have seen through the whole flimsy romance at the time!

They had been all together in that tiny room—father, mother and child; and there also was he—he ground his teeth as he recalled it—an outsider, a rank outsider and interloper!

CHAPTER LXVII.

AH, there was Ivy Tower. In the wood to his left it stood, a crumbling stone ruin.

When built, for what purpose, no man knew. The records of the old Silverdales gave no clue to the builder.

Square and lofty, and gaunt and windowless, with huge, half-fallen arches, where the bats and owls skurried and skimmed—with a black and gasping entrance leading into the gruesomely dismal interior, densely covered from the lowest stone to the highest with clinging ivy, the gigantic stems of which actually held it aloft, and between the thick, overlapping leaves of which one probing could not touch the stone itself—there it stood, mediæval, picturesque, unutterably impressive in its desolate decay.

The Earl lifted his head as he walked Molly Bawn slowly by—looked up.

Across the lofty green clad wall, the red reflection on the sinking sun wavered tenderly.

Upward his gaze travelled, above the round and oblong portholes, from which some vandal hand had hewn the ivy—still upward.

That face!

There—up there at that dusky casement.

A fierce oath leaped to his lips. He drew in Molly Bawn with a jerk. He stood erect in his stirrups.

Gone!

Blank—quite blank—was the yawning aperture. His head swam dizzily.

It was no trick of vision, of an over excited imagination. Distinctly he had seen above him in the window of the ruined tower, framed in by the vivid stone, in the crimson flush of the sunset, his wife's face!

Why had she come here? Except by curious strangers, the place was never entered from year's end to year's end. What had brought her? Another mystery—another cursed secret!

He sank heavily to his saddle.

Would he fling himself off his horse, rush in, confront, accuse her?

Of what?

And she would be sure to have a trivial, plausible excuse ready. A headache, a stroll, the air, tempted to climb the winding stair.

No, he could not enter! He would go straight home, feign ignorance, watch, and when the right time came strike. If his position and his peerage, his fair fame and grand name were to go Hades with her! He would, he swore behind his beard—he would, by his Creator! Had she a lover—another—whom she met here?

He had ridden on. He reined in savagely as the thought came to him. He had half a mind to return—make sure.

But instead he lashed Molly Bawn—drove his spurs in her sides, galloped on.

Wait! He would wait till all proof necessary to condemn her, [morally and socially for ever lay under his hand!

He was ready to suspect her of any vileness—he who had been so blindly credulous, so nobly unsuspicious.

The deception of which he had been a victim (how huge a deception he did not dream!) the knowledge that she had shot down this man who had probably threatened betrayal of that old alliance of hers—winged him as heartlessly and deliberately as she whould have peppered a partridge—had aroused in bimian infinite distrust.

The groom who took Molly Bawn eyed his master inquisitively.

"'Is Lordship ain't himself at all," he confided to the harness cleaner. "It used allus to be half-crowns and shillin's and pleasant words. Now hit's nothin' but scowls and swearin.' Hanged if I don't think mattermony is sourin' to the temper—though'er ladyship is gentle has a kitten, an' sweet has a primrose—Heaven bless bless 'er! Stand still there, you Molly Bawn!"

As for the Earl, he strode into the house and straight upstairs to his wife's boudoir.

He would await her here.

He wrenched the door open, thrust back the glowing curtain, and—still belted booted and spurred—dashed in.

He sprung back.

"Lillian!" he cried.

For there, by a tiny table in the centre of the room, glancing over some sheets of new music, in her dainty dinner dress, fair, fresh and smiling, stood the Countess of Silverdale.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

HAROLD!

What could be wrong? She glided swiftly forward.

He grasped her arm—glared down upon her.

"I? In the library with Mrs. Trendworth and Aunt Clara till an hour ago, when I came up to dress. Why?"

He released her so suddenly she staggered. He flung his arm across his eye.

Was he going mad? He could have sworn to have seen her face in Ivy Tower. He had galloped home. Here was she before him. How had she compassed the distance between the Castle and the Tower faster than he could ride it? She could not! Then—had he seen her at all?

"Harold!" she cried in terror. "What is it."

He dropped his hand. All the ruddy color had gone away from his face, leaving it wan and exalted.

"Riding past Ivy Tower less than half an hour ago I saw you at a casement. I galloped home. Here I find you!"

She retreated sharply. The terror in her glance deeped. Her lips parted. No sound came forth.

He had seen it, then! Twice had she beheld that so fearfully familiar face, the counterpart of her own. And now it had appeared to him. Ghost, wraith, disembodied spirit—what matter the wierd name it bore? Nothing of earth; nothing of flesh and blood; nothing human. Was it going to haunt them both for the rest of their lives?

A bell! Ringing, silvery and divinely commonplace it resounded through the house, through their agonized silence.

Mechanically the Earl walked away to his dressing-room. But she did not move. She stood quite still where he had left her. Her head was dropped upon her breast. Knit were the slim brows and frowning. Her fingers were clenched in straining grasp.

Such vague, horrible fears as beset her! Weird tales she remembered—tales which had made her shudder when whispered by old nurses in her youth, her childhood rather.

She recalled that ballad of Moore's about Rupert and his bride—how between the two a ghastly thing forced its way, lay, "cold-chilling by his side," and gave to him a kiss which was like—

"The smell from charnel vaults
Or from the mouldering grave."

Would she crush them apart like that demon wife—the woman she had seen—he had seen?

Oh, the horrible, horrible thought!

She dug her nails into her palms. The flaming gems upon her fingers cut the delicate flesh.

She bit her lip till the red blood started. But she could not banish her supernatural,

her frantic fears.

It was not worth while, all her scheming all her cunning plot—not worth while.

She wished that accursed impulse had not entered her brain that wild night last September.

If she had only not acted on the suggestion, which must have emanated from the arch fiend himself!

She had been safe from exposure—yes. But what matter if it had come? She was, she knew now a lawfully wedded wife. And Reuben Garret knew it, too. He would never, for all his threatening, have dared to bring forward an accusation which Damyn would have hurried from the ends of the earth to disprove.

What matter if the love for which she had hungered were hers? He had been growing steadily away from her. Since Christmas night there had been a barrier between them all her woman's wiles were powerless to tear down. And now this phantom of dread had come to push him still farther from her.

Oh, no, the secret of her desperate deceit was safe! But it was not worth while. Those heartrending hours when, at her gates, her child, a waif, lay dying—all the pomp, the pride of her position would not pay for one of those moments of anguish.

"Lillian!"

She cried out.

Before her stood the Earl, in the elegance of conventional evening attire, blackest of broadcloth, most dazzling of linen.

Restrained, handsome, he was a typical English nobleman—not at all the kind of individual one would associate with uncanny apparitions and domestic tragedy.

The long, flower-fragrant table in the great dining room was closely girdled at dinner.

The rector from the glebe, the heir apparent to a dukedom, passing a few days in Sussex—Mrs. Trendworth and her guest, Lady Clotilde Rayne—Mr. Barriston, young Christie, Nora Dallas and a famous London author.

Too polished a host was the Earl to allow conversation to flag. He was full of courtly graciousness of ready wit.

If an effort underlay his pleasant talk, none noticed it; in fact, an effort there was. He felt anxious to distract attention from his wife. She hardly looked pretty tonight. Her small face seemed smaller than ever, almost pinched, so pensive it was, so pale; the dark eyes were restless, eerie.

The soup had come, the fish had gone, the game was here; and all the time she had sat strangely silent, speaking only when speech was unavoidable.

Wonderingly, Lady Iva observed her. What ailed this little step-mother of her?

A very sore heart had the girl herself, Ever since that tragedy of Christmas night life had worn a different aspect for her. No longer was it just a joyful holiday.

So fast and heavily the evidence had accumulated against that young lover of hers. Words, incidents were recalled, considered trivial at the time, of fatal importance now. The dispute—if such it could be called—between Damyn and Curzon had been magnified into a savage enmity. The light words Lionel had spoken were conclusively accepted as indicative of blood-thirstiness.

Oddly enough, so it seemed to her and to many others, the Earl had made no attempt to divert suspicion from the accused. They had been such warm and staunch friends.

To be sure, my lord, on all possible occasions, declared his conviction that the deed was the work of some midnight-prowler, some common poacher—that Lionel was innocent.

Frequently he visited the prisoner. But—and this was the point which caused some comment—he discouraged detectives who came to him, seeking other clues than those which had landed Curzon in prison.

Could not my lord, who was so certain he was not guilty, put them on some scent in following which they might run the real fox to earth?

No, he could not then indicate. No; his answer was final. He knew nothing—nothing!

CHAPTER LXIX.

SO Iva had come to think that even her father had condemned the prisoner.

And she? Hearing the affair discussed daily, and for the greater part in a biassed fashion—remembering the night at Mrs. Trendworth's, when Lionel had taken her to task for that clasping touch of Sir Geoffrey's—remembering, too, his anger when she had given Damyn a flower—and a hundred other equally insignificant things which aggregated one huge suspicion—she grew half crazy.

Had he killed him through jealousy? Oh, surely he was incapable of so cowardly a crime! But the seal caught on the dead man's coat, the black hair in his fingers, the prisoner's coolness—how branding were all these facts!

She condemned, pitied, exonerated him by turns. She scorned herself for thinking ill of him.

A dozen times a day she tried him at the tribunal of her own heart.

Why should she care so much? He was not her betrothed husband. No pledge had existed between them. Why should she suffer day and night because of him?

Reasoning thus, pride came to her aid, and trough that pride she steeled herself to hear the whole wretched business endless talked over, to keep unbetrayed the agony it caused her.

"Quite a tragedy you had here a few months ago."

The guest of the evening had made the remark.

My lady bowed with a cold smile.

"What makes me speak of it," continued the distinguished gentleman, hurriedly, feeling that the topic he introduced was hardly the most tactful which could have been presented, nor in the best taste, "is the fact that I ran across Vale, the other day in London. Used to be in the Fusiliers. Any of you know him."

Yes, several knew him.

"Well, it seems his family and that of this young—what's his name, Carlyon? Curzon? thanks!—Curzon used to be on very friendly terms. The father of this young Curzon, it appears, did Vale a substantial kindness once upon a time. This Vale is now bound to repay. He came down to Rothlyn yesterday, has taken up his headquarters at the 'Silverdale Arms,' and there he intends to remain till after the assizes."

"What does he purpose doing?"

The Earl asked the question, lifting his glass to his lips.

Not quite steady was that handsome white hand of his.

"Doing?" His grace-to-be laid down knife and fork. "He is bound to prosecute a most vigorous inquiry, employ professional sagacity, offer rewards, leave no stone unturned to discover the real culprit. He is a rich man, a grateful man, and he his only rejoiced at an opportunity to thank the son for the friendship which of the father. The young fellow is, I believe, extraordinary inert—apparently indifferent to his fate. If there is a man in England who can save him in spite of himself, I believe that man is Francis Vale."

There was silence when he concluded. All present were interested in the tragedy, its outcome. Slowly the blue eyes of the host travelled down the brilliant table, met those of my lady. One keen, piercing, steady look—a look which measured swords. In his fear, contempt, shame. In here, the wildness of a bayed, hounded creature.

The talk, the merriment, broke out afresh. But these two were haunted by that glimpse of soul flashed from each to the other across the satin snowiness, the crested gold and silver plate, the fruits, the wines, the orchids of their own board.

"A penny for your thoughts, my lady!"

She flushed painfully at the rector's rallying words.

Had she really become so abstracted as to provoke attention.

"I was thinking," lightly uttering, to hide her confusion, the first words which came to her, "how Harold fancied he saw me—or my face—this evening in Ivy Tower."

Several broke into exclamations.

That queer old castle like place!—a ruin! And did ghosts congregate there? When and why and by whom was it built?

The marquis was eager in his inquiries; he was something of an antiquary. Mrs. Trendworth had never entered it.

Nora Dallas would just love to go if they were sure it was haunted!

On the whole my lady's speech raised quite a tempest of enthusiasm.

"L Lst us g-go and visit it," suggested Barlston.

"When?" asked Miss Dallas.

"There w-will be m-moonlight tonight."

"Tonight, then?" proposed the prospective duke.

"Shall we, Iva?"

Lady Iva turned questioningly to the Countess.

"If you wish, dear," smilingly.

"Very well, then."

Jimmie Talbot was not present. So Christie grimaced his eye-glass into place and beamed down on Nora.

The prospect of a moonlight walk with this piquant little lady! He actually would like it himself. And how she would enjoy it!

"Ah, Miss Dallas," he whispered tenderly, "I am in ecstacy!"

Extremely serious the pretty face turned up to his.

"Then," with decision, "go and talk with Mrs. Vere."

"I—eh? Mrs.—"

"Precisely; I don't know if it was the salad which transported you—or the pate. In either case, Mrs. Vere is the only thoroughly congenial spirit to whom I can advise you to go for sympathy. She," with a little rippling laugh, "is usually ecstatic, too, at this hour."

The eye-glass tumbled down with most undignified speed.

"But I meant that the pleasuah, the chawn—

The ladies were rising—leaving. So his explanation was nipped in the bud.

An hour later they were all out in the clear, blue moonlit night. Wrapped in rich furs and shawls, jesting and chatting, they turned away under the mighty trees which cast such flickering fantastic shadows.

With musical distinctness on the chill night air their voices rang, as swiftly they hurried on to the darksome ruin called Ivy Tower.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FLOWERS AND PERFUMES.—The rose is extensively cultivated in the Balkan Peninsula, chiefly for the sake of the perfume it affords. The Provence or cabbage rose, it is said, will yield in the second year from one hundred to two hundred bushels of flowers per acre, weighing six pounds to the bushel.

The rose harvest at Adrianople sometimes yields about ninety-four thousand ounces of attar of roses; the average of the Bulgarian harvests in the past ten seasons has been fifty-seven thousand ounces. The price of this perfume has declined fifty per cent. since 1883.

The Moors in Algeria extract an attar of moderate value from the indigenous double white musk rose.

Twenty-eight tons of rose leaves were imported into Aden into 1886, of which half were shipped to India.

The "ixora extract" is made from the soka-flower; frangipanni, from the flowers of a species of Plumeria, native to the West Indies and some parts of South America. About one hundred tons of these flowers are used in Cannes yearly, individual makers working up one hundred thousand pounds.

The fragrant white flowers of Bilghia sacida and of the Bukul are used for making distilled waters; and the flowers of spikenard are employed in Algeria for perfuming hair-oils and cosmetics.

Moorish women form garlands to ornament the interior of their dwellings from the flowers of the jasmine, and obtain a perfume by steeping them with oil in bottles, which are exposed to the sun. The same process is applied to the flowers of the tuberose and the cassia.

Hungary water is distilled with spirit from the tops of rose maryflowers.

Twenty tons of violets are used annually in Nice and Cannes, and one hundred and twenty tons of orango-blossoms in Nice.

Orange-flower water is one of the most agreeable vehicles for nauseous medicines that we have.

Rose-buds are made into preserves in Arabia; the blossoms of the shaddock are used for flavoring sweet-meats, and the fleshy calyces or flower-bracts of the Indian sorrel, having a pleasant acid taste, are made into tarts, jellies and refreshing drinks in India.

The petals of flowers are much used in Roumania for flavoring preserves, of which not less than one hundred varieties are made.

THE preliminary returns of the British army for 1889 shows that the total average effective strength of the regular army last year was 210 298, of which 134 388 were infantry of the line. "The total strength at home was 205,956; abroad, 104,342 On the first of January last about 4 00 men were required to complete the establishment. The total addition to the army during the year from recruiting and otherwise was 32 088; the total decrease, 33,000, of whom, however, over 12 000 passed to the army reserve. Over 15 00) of the recruits were under seventeen years of age. Only about 1500 had passed their twenty-third year. The auxiliary forces numbered 407,-307, of whom about 56 000 were in the army reserve, 116 495 were militia, 10,710 yeomanry and 224 011 volunteers."

WHEN eggs are scarce corn starch is a good substitute; one tablespoon of the starch is equal to one egg.

Bric-a-Brac.

TOADS.—Toads in Tirol are believed to be poor sinners undergoing penance for deeds done in human form. Therefore they are regarded with pity and sympathy by all good Christians.

THE PUG.—The pug dog was first imported from China and Japan, and came into fashion in the reign of William III. It is stated that the king believed his life to have been saved by a dog of this breed awakening him to his danger when a murderous attack was about to be made on him.

ASHAMED OF HIMSELF.—In Albania it is etiquette for a man about to marry to be very much ashamed of himself, and not to mention the subject at all, but to leave everything to the old women of his family, who take a professional delight in seeing that every ceremony and superstition is rightly adhered to.

EGG HATCHING.—One of the oldest industries in Egypt is artificial egg hatching, principally engaged in by Copts. There are said to be seven hundred establishments of this nature in the country, and the production of chickens from the ovens is estimated at from ten to twelve millions annually. The season for incubating lasts through three months of the early summer. The country people bring eggs to the proprietors of the various "farroogs," and give two good eggs for every newly hatched chicken.

GERMAN CARP.—One of the reasons why the German carp is so superior is that in the German towns the carp as well as the pike-perch are both not only sold alive, but just before being delivered to the consumer are bled, which further improves their flavor. In Scandinavia freshly caught fish have often a gash made just above their tail to let out the blood. In Germany, when these live tub fish are not sold in the market, the fish are returned to their feeding and breeding ponds—a practice that was usual in England during the middle ages.

NONE OF HIS BUSINESS.—An Englishman travelling in the north of Scotland came up to a macadamiser of the roads, and, while he was busy breaking the road metal, asked him if the direction in which he was going was the way to Aberdeen. The laborer, glad to rest himself a little, dropped his hammer and said quietly to the stranger: "Now, where cam'ye from?" The traveller, nettled at not receiving a direct answer, asked him: "What business have you with where I came from!" The macadamiser, taking up his hammer and beginning to resume his occupation, said: "Oh, just as little business as where you are gaun' to."

THE EMPRESS OF CHINA.—The choice of an empress by open competition may seem strange to the people of Western nations; yet this is the mode by which a consort is selected for the ruler of China. The matter is generally left in the hands of the female elders of the imperial house, and the poor emperor himself has very little to say on the subject. This is truly one of penalties of high estate. The process of selection is watched with much interest by millions. Time is not taken into consideration in such things, and, where the competition is so keen between the noble Manchu ladies of the land, the tact, delicacy, and taste of those whose office it is to pick out their future empress are subject to a severe test.

CROW PROVERBS.—In this country "to eat crow" is the same as to eat humble pie—i. e., to have to retract or to be put to shame. "To talk crow" is the opposite of "to talk turkey," and means to talk to another's disadvantage. It comes from a story of a whiteman who went to hunt with an Indian on condition that the game should be divided between them. There was a brace of wild turkeys and one of crows, and the whiteman counted, "There's a crow for you and a turkey for me, another crow for you and——" To which the Indian remonstrated, "You talk all turkey for you and all crow for me!" In German we are told proverbially, "The crow never leaves off its hop," "Old crows are hard to catch," "The flying crow always find something," "One crow likes to sit by another," and "He knows no more about it than a crow does of Sunday."

Chief of Montana Regulators (untying the prisoner)—"Some of the boys hev just come in with the feller that really did steal the mule. You're innocent, and we've guv you this hoss-whippin' fer nothin'. I'm mighty sorry for the mistak, pard." "Don't mention it. It's nothing. I'm a Mormon missionary."

AT THE KING'S COMING.

SUSIE M. BEST.

Behold now, when the sun's approach grew red
The lesser lights their lanters hid and fled,
E'en so when thy approach shed glory on
My life, all need of other love was gone!

Behold now, when appears the King of all
The lesser dignitaries prostrate fall,
E'en so at thy appearing on my way
Love's lesser nobles bowed before thy sway.

LORD AND LADY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," "BY CROOKED PATHS," "SHEATHED IN VELVET," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—(CONTINUED)

PARLIAMENT was sitting, which accounted for the presence of so many people in London, and Norah, with a great deal of surprise, woke, so to speak, to discover that she was famous.

Lady Ferndale had acted as courier in advance, by writing to all her friends an enthusiastic description of Lady Norah Arrowdale, and Norah was astonished by the number of callers and the invitations which poured in upon her.

But for the first few days she was too unwell to go out. The earl wished to send for Sir Andrew, but Norah persuaded him to "give her a few days," as she put it, and spent those few days of grace seated by her window, looking out at the Park, and watching with listless, sorrow laden eyes the few horsewomen who still haunted the Row, and the nursemaids with their children, and long-legged Guardsmen who, whatever the season, are always on view.

At the end of the week, and by the time Lady Ferndale had arrived, she had managed to leave her room, and she fancied that she saw a smile of welcome on the earl's face that was almost tender.

Indeed, he rose from his chair and took her hand, and he looked into her face, paler and thinner than would have seemed possible for a few weeks' illness to render it, and as he kissed her he said—

"Are you better? You—you look very much thinner. Perhaps, after all, Sir Andrew——"

But Norah smiled, and though it was but a shadowy reflection of the old free hearted one, it was still a smile.

"Sir Andrew would pronounce me an impostor, papa, and charge you a double fee," she said. "I am all right, and quite well now."

But Lady Ferndale started when she drove round from Queen's Gate the next day, and stared at the worn face aghast.

"My dear child!" she exclaimed with tender sympathy.

"Do I look like a ghost, then?" said Norah, smiling.

"N-o," almost stammered her ladyship; "but you certainly are—are thinner. And more lovely than ever," she added mentally. "Why, I came to take you to a reception this evening; but I think I'd much better put you to bed."

"That would do me no good, and the reception would," said Norah. "I am quite serious," she went on, taking Lady Ferndale's face in both her hands and turning it away from her; for the keen regard of the loving eyes embarrassed her. "I think I am suffering from an attack of dulness; and if you really will take me, I shall be glad to go."

"Very well, dear," said Lady Ferndale, but still rather undecidedly. "But you must wrap up well. You will, won't you? If you caught cold now——"

"Do you think I should die?" asked Norah, with a curious smile. "Oh, yes, I will wrap us well, as well as Lord Ferndale used to wrap me up when I left Ferndale at night."

The earl was rather doubtful about giving his consent to her going out so soon, but at ten o'clock Lady Ferndale found her dressed and waiting.

"Where are we going?" asked Norah, as the miniature brougham started, and she laughed as she had to repeat the question, which was at first inaudible through the Indian shawl which Lady Ferndale had insisted upon winding round her throat and over her mouth.

"To the Countess of Derrington's," replied Lady Ferndale. "She is the wife of one of the Cabinet Ministers, and a very important personage."

"So we shall see some of the Members of Parliament, I suppose?" said Norah, trying to throw a tone of interest into her voice, but feeling fearfully listless and indifferent.

"Some, I daresay, but there will be all sorts of other people. She is a dear woman, but a leetle to fond of playing the part of lion hunter. Of course, it's always interesting to see famous people, but the countess sometimes gets too many of them. One gets confused when so many lions are roaring at the same time, and I'm apt to mix up the great painters with the last new poet or the famous actor, and it's awkward when one has to talk to them."

Norah laughed.

"I hope I shall not make any mistake of that kind," she said.

"Oh, I'll tell you how to steer clear of it," said Lady Ferndale, smiling mischievously. "When she brings you a great man the best thing is to say, 'I should have known you at once from your photograph.' That commits you to nothing, you see, and you will soon find out whether he is a painter or an actor or a poet if you listen to him for five minutes, because all the famous men care to talk about nothing but themselves or their particular shop. Oh, dear, what a number of carriages! It will be a crush."

They made their way us the grand staircase, of which the countess was pardonably proud, and as their names were announced Lady Ferndale had the gratification of observing that "Lady Norah Arrowdale" made a sensation.

She had written to so many people dilating on Norah's loveliness that there was a good deal of curiosity to see "Lady Ferndale's paragon," and the Countess of Derrington, as she gave Norah her hand, smiled with more than her usual sweetness.

"It was very good of you to come, dear," she said to Lady Ferndale, "and very kind of Lady Norah to make an effort. I was so sorry to hear you were ill when I called."

"Many lions to-night?" asked Lady Ferndale with her usual frankness.

The countess nodded with gentle triumph.

"Oh, yes, some very nice people, dear Lady Norah. When you have rested I will bring some of them to you."

But Norah had scarcely been seated five minutes before the countess approached her with several persons. Your artist and poet has a keen eye for the beautiful, and there was a general desire to know the lovely girl, the daughter of "the Superfine Earl."

"That's what I call a really beautiful face," said a famous painter to an actor who had condescended to appear for half an hour.

"A face with a history," he responded laconically; "Ophelia who is too proud to go mad and has resolved to bear her sorrow in silence."

The artist laughed.

"Nonsense," he said, "She is Lord Arrowdale's daughter, and is as little likely to have 'a secret sorrow' as you are, my dear fellow."

"All right," said the actor. "Your painters look on the surface of things; we actors dive beneath. That girl, for all her loveliness, and notwithstanding she is Lord Arrowdale's daughter, has had some great trouble. And now I think I'll go and get an introduction; I should like to hear her voice."

Norah was a little startled and nervous when she found herself surrounded by men and women bearing names celebrated in art and literature, but after a few minutes the nervous timidity vanished, and she found herself listening, and talking too, with something like enjoyment.

"You have not seen 'The Modern Gallery' yet then, Lady Norah?" said a famous artist. "Ah, yes, you have only just come up to town. I hope you will go. There are some capital pictures there, really worth seeing," and he mentioned one or two.

"You have forgotten the best," said another artist who was standing near. "I mean that one of the man's, Cyril Burne. I forget its title, but it's the one with the silver ash in it."

Norah had been listening with upturned face, and the name "Cyril Burne" struck upon her so suddenly that it seemed to deprive her of breath and sight and hearing.

The artist who had just spoken saw her face change, saw it grow gradually whiter, and the pupils of the lovely eyes dilate as if with some sharp pang, and he took a step forward and bent over her.

"You find the room too hot Lady Norah?" he said in a low voice.

But Norah was determined not to be overmastered. She would have to hear his name again and again, especially in London, and was she to wear her heart upon her sleeve and wince and change color to her rescue, and she raised her eyes to the artist and forced a smile.

"It is a little warm," she said, "but I will go, thanks."

As she spoke she looked round the room, picking out a gentleman here and there, and asking the artist to tell her who it was, for he seemed to know everyone, and had been giving her a great deal of information.

"That is So and-so," he said, telling her.

"And the gentleman standing by the door?" she asked, in reality utterly indifferent, but asking to gain time and composure.

"The tall handsome man with eyeglasses, looking as if he were very tired and bored?"

"Yes," said Norah, with a smile, for the description had been graphic.

"That is our new poet, the coming man. His name is Wesley—John Wesley. Sounds quite clerical, doesn't it?"

Norah looked round piteously. It seemed as if there was no respite for her. She had just recovered from the pain and misery of hearing Cyril's name, and now here was his dearest friend!

"Looks a genius, doesn't he?" said the artist. "Most people are rather afraid of him—cynical and all that, you know, but in reality he is the tenderest and kindest-hearted man that ever shed ink. Here he comes; the countess is bringing him to you, I think."

The surmise was correct. Jack had been coaxed into making his appearance among the other lions, but had not been in the salon ten minutes before he had enough of it, and was on the point of flying back to his old armchair and short pipe in Winchester street when he happened to hear the name of Lady Norah Arrowdale.

He asked a lady standing near him to point her out, and his cynical face softened.

"By Jove, I don't wonder at Cyril's madness," he muttered. "Enough to explain the madness of any man. Do you think Lady Darrington would introduce me to that young lady?" he asked aloud of the lady of whom he made the previous inquiry.

"I think so," she reglied naively. "Indeed, as I happen to be Lady Derrington I am sure she will."

Jack was not a whit embarrassed.

"Then I wish you would," he said.

And Lady Derrington, delighted with his readiness and presence of mind, laughingly said come—

"Come with me, Mr. Wesley. You see, I know you, though you do not know me; but I am not the author of the famous 'Chaplet of Roses.'"

"And I should begin to wish I were not," he retorted, "if I didn't feel that I owe my presence here to the existence of that much overrated volume of jingle."

By this time they had reached Norah—the countess amazed at hearing the poet describe the really beautiful verses as jingle—and touching Norah with her fan to attract her attention she said—

"Lady Norah, will you let me introduce Mr. Wesley? The 'Chaplet of Roses,' you know," she added in an undertone.

Norah rose, and scarcely inclined her head.

It chanced that only one or two were standing near her, and Lady Derrington had gone off in quest of some other lions, so that Norah and Jack were almost staning alone.

He looked at her, rather taken aback by the faint acknowledgment of his bow.

"I hope I am not altogether a stranger, Lady Norah," he said, coloring slightly, and with a gentleness in his eyes which belied his reputed cynicism. "It is just possible that you may have heard my name mentioned by a great friend of mine, a friends of yours."

Norah felt felt her face grow cold and set, as if it were frozen, and her heart contracted.

Jack looked at her, his surprise visible in his grave, honest, manly face.

"I mean Cyril Burne," he replied simply.

Norah forced her lips to part.

"You are mistaken, Mr. Wesley," she said, and her words sounded meaningless and mechanical in her ears; "Mr. Burne is not a friend of mine," and she sailed away, proud and swan-like, leaving Jack gasping and dumb-stuck.

CHAPTER XXIX.

GUILDFORD BERTON would have given something to have been able to follow the earl and Norah on the second day, but he had to remain to watch for the letter which he knew would arrive for Norah from Cyril Burne.

The postmistress raised no objections when he requested that the Santleigh letters should be sent to him, although such a course was against the rules; it appeared quite reasonable to her, seeing that Mr. Guildford Berton had virtually managed estate for some time past, accordingly the postman left the letters at the cottage as directed.

Guildford Berton might have taken up his abode at Santleigh had he so chosen, but he did not care to leave the cottage. Indeed, he dared not.

In that cheerful poem "Eugene Aram" it is related, in beautiful verse, that the murderer is compelled to haunt the spot where the body of his victim lies; and in like manner Guildford Berton felt drawn to the heap of leaves beneath which rested Becca South, by a horrible fascination against which he fought in vain.

No sooner was he dressed in the morning than he felt bound to go into the garden, and pacing up and down, eyed the mound sideways and with a shuddering intentness. Several times during the day he wandered towards it, and under the pretence of examining the trees or plucking up the weeds, hovered about the fateful spot; and the last thing at night, be it wet or fine, he stole out and stood looking at the place where his awful secret lay hidden.

When he went to bed, after walking up and down trying to grow tired and sleepy, it was to commit the crime over and over again in his dreams, with all the details carefully worked out. During the day he thought of little else, or if he managed to divert his thoughts, it was only for a short time; back they came to the one supreme subject like a troop of crows to roost.

As a matter of course he found it necessary to pay frequent visits to the brandy decanter in the cellaret, and equally as a matter of coarse he was still more depressed after the evanescence of each nip of the soul-destroying spirit.

There might have been a more wretched, crime-stained, fear-haunted being in the world than Guildford Berton, but it would have been difficult to find him.

And yet, at times, he was not sorry for what he had done. It was not remorse, but actual fear of the dead girl, and the horri-dread of discovery, that made his days a torture and his nights hideous beyond words.

Time after time he told himself that if it had to be done again he would do it. If twenty Becca Souths stood between him and his ambition and his passion for Norah, he would sweep them from his path.

There came letters each day, but they were business ones for the earl and general invitations for Norah. The former he opened and laid aside, the latter—they all bore the local postmark—he forwarded to Norah.

Fortunately for him there happened to be a great deal to be done on the estate at that particular time, and he buried himself about it with an ardour which surprised the tenants! His only chance of dodging madness was to exhaust himself physically and mentally, and he rode hard and fast and long each day, until he knocked his own horse up, and had to fall back upon the best hunter in the Court stables, much to the disgust of the head groom, who expressed his opinion that Mr. Berton had no more pity for a 'orse than if it was a steam hengine.

One morning, on the fifth after the earl's departure, he saw a copy of the *Morning Post* at the reading room of the club in the market town, and turning the paper about listlessly, came with a start, upon Norah's name.

It was an account of a reception at the house of one of the Cabinet Ministers, and the newspaper man went into high-flown laudation of "the new beauty," Lady Norah Arrowdale.

According to him Lady Norah was not only the acknowledged beauty of this the off season, but would assuredly hold her own and bear away the palm in the coming and regular season next year. He gave an account of the reception pretty fully, but it all seemed to turn upon Lady Norah Arrowdale as upon a pivot, and he spoke of her as being surrouded by an eager and admiring throng of courtiers, each trying to outvie each other in attentions to the "lovely and charming daughter of the popular earl."

Guildford Berton gnashed his teeth, and the paper shook in his hands so that the waiter stared at him, thinking he was going to have a fit.

It was what he might have expected, he told himself. She was surrounded by all these men, some of them, most of them, no doubt, of the same rank as herself. One of them would be sure to propose to her, and perhaps be accepted. And here was he tied to Santleigh and leaving them all a clear field! He should lose her after all!

He left the club and rode home at a furious gallop along the hard roads which

would have driven the head groom wild if he could have known it; and he almost resolved that he would set out for London the next morning, whether the letter he was waiting for came or not.

But when he reached home a small heap of letters lay on the table, and as he hastily turned them over his face flushed.

There was one bearing the Brittany postmark.

He glanced at the address as if it were the writer instead of the writing, and then carefully opened it.

The letter was from Cyril, and was not a very long one, considering.

"Dear Norah," it ran in a hand which was at the best of times not to legible, but which bore in the present instance evident traces of the writer's agitation.

"DEAR NORAH:—I cannot understand your silence. Are you offended with me? If so, tell me in what lies my offence, and I will endeavor to explain it away or atone for it. But it may be that you regret the bond that exists—or perhaps I had better say existed—between us. Ah, it cannot, cannot be that surely, dearest! I cannot believe that anything, even your father's opposition, can have brought you to desert me, to forget the troth you have plignted, the promise you have sworn; and yet I spend the day and most part of the night in this beastly place torturing myself with the suspicion Norah, if you love me, fear nothing. I have the means of overcoming even your father's objections to our engagment. Only wait and have trust in me for a little while longer. I would tell you something about this work which keeps me here, but I reserve it all until I see you. Indeed, I can write only of the pain which your silence causes me. It is simple torture! Write, write! I will forgive you—see, how patient I am!—four days more. If you have not written—a word will suffice, just 'I love you still, Cyril; be satisfied!'—by that time, I must conclude that you have discovered that you do not really love me, and that you wish me to follow you example and remain—silent.

"Yours, dearest, till death,
"CYRIL."

He read it again and again until he had got it by heart; and at every loving phrase he bit his lips and ground his teeth. If only Cyril Burne lay under the heap of leaves instead of, or beside, Becca South!

Then he carefully, and slowly, and with something liko enjoyment, first tore it into small fragments and then burnt it bit by bit.

As he did so, it occurred to him that Norah, when she returned to Santleigh, might ask the postmistress if there had been any letter for her on a certain date, and he sat down and laboriously manufactured an envelope so that it might bear the appearance of having been through the post, and enclosing a charity appeal, laid it with the other letters.

He slept better that night than he had done since the one of the murder, and woke the next morning in proportionately better spirits.

After all, he told himself as he packed his portmanteau, things did not wear so black a look. In a few hours he would be with Norah, in the same house with her. He had an immense belief in himself, and somehow he felt that he could win her. As to his secret, there was no reason why it should not remain his until he died, and afterwards. Even if a suspicion arose that Becca had met with foul play, there was absolutely nothing to direct suspicion towards him.

No one knew of his intimacy with the girl—of that he was assured; and no one would suspect that he, the eminently respectable Guildford Berton, would have anything to do with her disappearance.

Cyril Burne would most certainly turn up again; but not until he, Guildford Berton, had won Norah for his wife, and even when Cyril appeared upon the scene little harm could ensue. After all, there were good grounds for supposing that Cyril had run away with Becca.

He continued laying this flattering unction to his soul until he grew quite cheerful and confident.

"Keep all letters that come," he signed in the deaf and dumb language to the old woman, his housekeeper, "whether they are for me or the Court. Mind that. And don't let anyone come into the house; no one," he motioned twice over. "I hate people prying about the place while I am away. Here are the keys," he added. "All except the back garden gate. I've lost that or locked it upin my portmanteau; but you won't want to go in there till I come back, you never do, you know."

The old hag shook her head. No, she had no occasion to go into the back garden she said, and no one should come through the door in the wall till he came back.

Altogether Guildford Berton started for London in fairly good spirits. He was going to be with Norah. He had intercepted Cyril's letter, and as Norah would certainly not write to him in the prescribed four days, Cyril Burne would, like a wise man, conclude that she had jilted him, and he, Guildford Berton, would have a clear field.

When he arrived at Park Lane the earl and Norah had just finished dinner, and Guildford Berton dressed hastily but carefully, and joined them in the drawing-room.

Even as he shook hands with the earl he glanced sideways towards Norah, and he noticed that though she looked better she was still pale, and that there was a sad and absent expression in her eyes.

She wore a beautiful evening dress, of a more elaborate style than he had ever seen her in before, and it seemed to him that she was changed in other ways than that of her attire. She looked more of a woman of the world, and she gave him her hand for a moment with a self-possession more marked even than of old.

"I'm glad you have come up,Guildford," said the earl. "I am convinced that you needed a change," and he looked at the pale face, from which Guildford Berton was trying with a smile to smooth its haggardness. "I'm afraid you let the estate worry you more than you should. But you must take a holiday. There seem to be a great many people in town. Fashion changes a great deal, I find. In my day there was a regular season, and when it was over everybody left London. But it is not so now, and a great many families remain; why, I do not know—Parliament, I suppose. At any rate, some friends have found us out," he continued with a self-satified smile, "and Norah has been spending quite a gay time. To-night she is going to a dance at Gore House, are you not, Norah?"

Norah, who was reclining listlessly on a long settee, half started, and assented.

"If you are not too tired you had better go too, resumed the earl.

"I should be very glad," said Guildford Berton. Then the earl rose to leave the room Guildford Berton said, "Here are your letters. They are all answered."

"Thanks," said the earl. "Will you put them on the davenport, please. I will look at them to-morrow," and he went out.

At the word "letters" Norah looked up, and her heart leapt. She did not expect a letter from Cyril; why should she? And yet——"

Guildford Berton crossed the room.

"I have a letter for you, Lady Norah," he said, and he held out the manufactured one.

Nora took it and glanced at it, and her color, which had risen, suddenly faded.

"It is only a hospital circular," she said coldly,

"I sent you all that came before this."

"Thank you," she said, and she leant back and unfolded her fan, the diamonds glittering on her arm with every movement.

"I have some news I should like to give you, Lady Norah," he said after a pause, during which his eyes had been covertly feasting on her.

Norah looked up, and as her glance met his her face paled. She guessed of what nature the news must be.

"I have heard from my agent here," he said, speaking in a low, confidential tone. "He has traced"—he moistened his lips—"Becca South. There was a marriage, there is no doubt about that, and they have left England."

Norah tried to speak, to say some indifferent word, but her lips refused.

"You will be very glad to tell Mrs. Harman that," he went on. "From all my man can gather, the girl seemed very happy,"

Norah's face grew even paler, and her long lashes swept her cheeks as she kept her eyes fixed on the carpet.

"Very happy," he went on. "Mrs. Harman need be anxious no longer, and"—he spoke slowly and deliberately—"and as things have turned out, I think it would be well to write 'Finis' at the end of this chapter in Miss South's career. We need say no more, trouble no more about her—or her husbrnd," he added smoothly, but with a sharp glance under his lids at her face.

A shiver of pain ran through Norah, but she managed to incline her head with an appearance of satisfaction.

"I—I am glad it has ended so," she said in a low voice. "I will tell Mrs. Harman. She will be—she is—very grateful to you, Mr. Berton, for all the trouble you have taken."

"It is nothing," he said quietly but earnestly. "She is a dependent of yours, Lady Norah, and therefore has a claim upon me."

There was not much to find fault with in the speech. It was respectful, even to the point of reverence, and yet it jarred upon Norah.

"I hope you left all well at Santleigh," she said, for the sake of saying something.

"Yes," he said, standing before her in his statuesque attitude, with his hands clasped behind his back. "All are well, and everything is going on all right. One of your ponies was a little off color the other day, but I gave it a powder and it is all right now. And I ventured to give directions to the gardener to plant a bed of those pansies you admired at Ferndale on the lawn beneath your window."

Norah tried to feel grateful, and, failing, made her response warmer by consequence than it would have been if she had really felt it.

"That was very kind of you, to remember that I liked the flowers," she said.

"Yes, I remembered it," he said quietly. "You will have some fine specimens, I hope. I sent to Scotland for some. If you will excuse me," he went on, "I will find the earl. There are one or two things ——" and he left her to think over his regard for her pony and her flowers.

Harman was more than grateful when Norah went upstairs to put on her opera cloak, and told the poor woman the news Guildford Berton had brought.

"I can never thank him enough, my lady," she said, her eyes full of tears. "Mr. Guildford must have a kind heart to take so much trouble and thought on my account, and me only a servant. I didn't think, begging your ladyship's pardon, that he was that sort of a gentleman; but it only shows how one can misjudge, my lady."

The simple speech clung to Norah, as she wrapped the cloak round her.

She had always disliked Guildford Berton, and treated him coldly; whereas she had loved Cyril Burne. And the one had taken pains and trouble to relieve the mind of a servant, while the other had proved base and false. Had she, too, not been guilty of an error in judgment?

When she reached the hall the carriage was waiting, and beside it stood Guildford Berton with a wrap of soft fur.

"The nights are chillier here than they are at Santleigh," he said. "You will let me put this round you, Lady Norah?" and he did so slowly and carefully.

Notwithstanding its being the off season, the dance was a big one,and Guildford Berton soon found that the Morning Post, though a little extravagent, did not exaggerate over much.

There was a decided sensation when Lady Norah entered the ballroom, and he saw the men draw towards her as if magnetised.

He was far too wise to hover about her, and betook himself to a distant part of the room; but there he heard her name quite frequently, and soon gathered that others beside himself were alive to her beauty, and the indescribable charm which she wrought.

His own clean-cut face, with its self-contained and somewhat sombre expression, attracted some attention, and he had the questionable satisfaction of hearing one lady ask another who and what he was.

"I am only a steward's son," he thought to himself; "but I shall soon be the husband of Lady Norah, and an earl's son-in-law, and then there will be no need to ask," and he encouraged himself with this while he looked on at Norah surrounded by her "throng of courtiers," as the Morning Post had it.

He did not dance. He did not even ask Norah for a square dance, though he would have been fully warranted in doing so. He knew instinctively that she disliked and distrusted him, and that he must, if he would win her, restrain himself—possess his soul in patience.

And presently he had his reward. In the middle of the small hours the earl came up to him.

"I find that I am rather tired, Guildford," he said, "and I think I should like to go home; but I do not wish to interrupt Lady Norah's enjoyment. Will you be good enough to escort her when she is ready?"

He spoke as he would have done to a superior servant, but Guildford Berton was satisfied.

"Go by all means, my lord," he said. "Oh, yes; I will take care of Lady Norah."

So it happened that an hour later, when Norah, weary beyond words of the music and the laughter and the worship of her adorers—through all of which she had been thinking of Cyril, married to Becca South—looked round for her father, Guilford Berton glided to her side.

"The earl has gone, Lady Norah," he said, "and has been good enough to consign you to my care. Would you like to go now?"

Norah bit her lip, but she could show no open resentment. His tone of reverential respect made that impossible, and she put her hand upon his arm.

"Who the deuce is that pale-faced fellow walking off with the Norah?" asked one man of another. "Her brother? No! the earl hasn't a son. Confound him! Who can he be?"

But though he felt rather than heard the whispered comments, Guildford Berton bore off the belle with a calm, impassive countenance.

He wrapped her in the fur and closed the windows, but remained outside the carriage. Not yet would he force himself upon her.

"It is such a lovely night that I am going to ask your permission to smoke a cigarette on the box," he said.

And so he left her free to coil herself in a corner of the carriage and think of Cyril.

He could afford to let her do so.

That night he had an extremely pleasant dream. He dreamt that he was standing before the altar with Norah,that the clergyman was droning the marriage service, and that he, Guildford Berton, was just taking the hand of his lovely bride when the shadowy form of Becca South floated between them, and that it was her cold—and dead!—hand which clasped his fingers!

* * * * * * * *

Guildford Berton was far too clever to force himself upon Norah at the ball, and he adopted the same tactics in Park Lane. They met at meals and he worked hard to amuse and entertain her.

He had always some story, some pleasant jest or topic for conversation; and although he did not force his presence upon her he endeavored to make himself indispensable to her.

Lady Ferndale had suggested that Norah should take to riding, but as yet Norah had been too listless about everything to fall in with the suggestion. If she could have had Cyril to ride with it would have been a different matter. But Guildford Berton, without saying anything to worry her, went out and chose a quiet horse for her, and then told the earl what he had done.

"The Park is quiet now," he said, "and I know a capital riding master. As Lady Ferndale says, it will do Lady Norah more good than anything else."

The earl signified his approval.

"Very kind, very thoughtful of you," he said. "But I am not over fond of riding masters; and it is, alas! some years since I rode."

"If Lady Norah will permit me I will go with them," said Guildford Berton with simple politeness. "I shall be able to help her perhaps."

At first Norah shook her head, and said that she did not care about it; but the earl made a point of it, and she got a habit, and the lessons commenced.

She would have infinitely preferred to have ridden with the master alone, but it seemed ungenerous, after all the trouble Guildford Berton had taken, to object to his company, and so he rode with them; and it was really he, and not the master, who did the instructing.

"These men are mere machines," he said, as he rode beside her, keeping a careful eye upon the horse, and allowing himself to glance only now and then at the beautiful rider. "They have a method which they apply to all; it never varies, though the pupil may be as nervous as a reed or as full of courage as you are, Lady Norah."

Norah smiled.

"I don't feel very courageous," she said; "but I don't think I shall fall off."

And, indeed, she had no such fears, and in a few times sat the animal as if she had been riding since childhood.

These morning rides undoubtedly did her good, and after a fashion she enjoyed them; though all the time she was conscious of a feeling that her enjoyment would have been greater if Guildford Berton had not been present.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Discouraged Salesman: "It doesn't seem to be of any use to mark down the goods at this counter. Nobody comes near it."

Experienced Proprietor: "We'll soon fix that." [Puts "Fresh Paint" signs all over the counter, and has to send two extra clerks to accommodate the rush of customers to that counter.]

"Now, then," inquires a Canadian paper, "what is a crank?" Why, the other fellow, of course.

I HAVE NO MOTHER.

BY S. V. W.

I have no mother, for she died
When I was very young,
But memory still, around my heart
Like morning mist has hung.

They tell me of an angel form
That watched around my bed,
And of a soft and quiet hand
That wiped the tears I shed.

And then she used to kneel with me,
And teach me how to pray,
And raise my little hands to Heaven,
And tell me what to say.

O mother, mother, in my heart
Thy image still shall be;
And may I hope in Heaven, at last,
To meet and live with thee?

The Way to Arcady.

BY H. B. BROOKE.

"'Oh, what's the way to Arcady, to Arcady, to Arcady?
Oh, what's the way to Arcady, where all the leaves are merry?'"

SO SANG Harry Arden, in a full rich tenor voice, until he was suddenly interrupted in his jovial lay by the reproachful query—

"Harry, are you ever going to do any good in this world?"

"My dear Jennie, why should I, when doing no harm is so much more enjoyable? Sit down here and listen to these charming verses—

"'Oh, what's the way to—'"

"Ruin, misery, and misfortune, Harry—that's the way you are going! Oh, cousin, cannot I or any one rouse you to a sense of your situation? Your father may die at any moment; and then what is to become of your mother?"

"And you, Jennie—I must take care of you," and Harry Arden raised himself slowly from the grass where he had been lying under the apple-tree, and looked at Jennie Melville tenderly. "When the worst comes, dear, you may rely on me. Meanwhile, what is the use of worrying? Do let us be happy while we can!"

"Happy!" cried Jennie Melville indignantly. "How can you talk or even think of happiness, with Sir Arthur dangerously ill, Lady Arden helpless, or worse, and those dreadful men in possession of everything?"

"Why not, cousin? Since I can't have the real thing, let me enjoy the ideal. Father is no worse now than he was five years ago; and, even if he were, my being miserable would not make him better. The dear little mother never troubles herself about anything, and she likes to see me cheerful and happy. For the rest, matters are just as they always have been yet, you see, we have managed to pull through somehow."

"But those dreadful men, Harry?"

"Oh, I've telegraphed for Montagu—he'll make that all right! We've had the bailiffs at Arden Hall before now, my dear; and they seem to like it too, by Jove! They find the way to Arcady through the beer-cellar and the servants' hall. Don't worry any more, Jennie, but just sit down and let me read to you. It will be quite time enough for you to take all the troubles of our rather distressful house on your shoulders when you are its mistress."

"That I shall never be, Harry!" said Jennie Melville gravely. "When we became engaged a year ago, you promised me you would rouse yourself and try to do something to free the estate from its load of encumbrances and preserve the dear old home for your mother; you said you would put your shoulder manfully to the wheel and build up the fallen fortunes of the family—work for freedom and honest independence. And what have you done? Nothing, nothing!"—and Jennie's eyes gleamed with scorn and contempt. "You have failed miserably; and I have come this morning to tell you that I consider our engagement at an end—quite at an end! I am ashamed of you, Harry!"

"And I am proud of you!" returned Harry, looking up up with lazy admiration at the fair flushed, troubled face. "But, at the same time, dear, I think you are a little unjust. I have been working this summer like a galley-slave. There is my volume Lyrics for an Old Lute almost finished; three acts of my drama are finished, and all the sketches for my great picture complete, except the Maid of Orleans herself. Now I wish you would change your mind, and sit, or rather stand, to me for Joan, Jennie—I could get on with the thing then."

"'Heaven comfort your capacity!'" Jennie quoted, with a sarcastic smile. "A pretty Maid or Orleans I should make, truly! Besides, you can get your Joan where you get the rest of your 'models.' I have no ambition to be seen in such company. More than that, I am perfectly certain the picture will never bring you as much as you've paid already for the canvas and colors, not to mention the 'models.' If you would stick to your workshop, and make frames for other people's pictures instead of trying to paint, you would do much better—at least, that is my opinion. You had far better be a good carpenter than a bad painter!"

"Thanks, my radical little cousin," replies Harry, with lazy good humor; "but 'the way to Arcady' is not through chips and shavings. I pity, but I can hardly blame you for having no artistic taste. Still you admire my poetry?"

"The world is full of poetry. What it wants nowadays is work—real, earnest, useful work. The world has money, honor, and fame to give in return—peace and happiness too, Harry. Are they not worth trying for?" cried Jennie earnestly.

"Certainly, dear; but one need not dig for them—one need not plough and sow and reap. You would have me travel a stony path to Arcady, Jennie Laine!"

"All paths are stony to him who has not

"'Bound for sandals on his feet
Knowledge and patience.'

You have neither, Harry; and I do not envy you the Arcady to which your 'primrose path of dalliance' will lead. What is the use of your reams of verse and yards of painted canvas? No one will read your poetry or buy your pictures. But I have said too much, for all has been said in vain; and I may as well complete what I came out to say—that I am about to leave the Hall."

"Leave the Hall! What do you mean, Jennie?" cried Harry, in a most unusual tone of excitement. "Where are you going?"

"To London."

"And what on earth are you going to do there? You have no friends or acquaintances!"

"I'm going to find 'the way to Arcady,'" replied Jennie, with some approach to her old bright smile. "Let us see who will find it first, cousin—you in the sylvan shades of Arden, letting the moments pass, dawdling in the shade and basking in the sunshine, or I in the crowded streets of London, learning to labor—and perhaps to wait," she added more sadly. "Anyhow, it's good-bye, Harry—all is over between us; for of course you know I cannot stay on here now, with uncle so ill and everything going to ruin."

"You egotistical little thing! Just as if you could make any difference one way or another!"—and Harry Arden laughed heartily as Jennie Melville turned away with a gesture of impatience and walked swiftly towards the house.

The girl was desperately in earnest, and did not like being laughed at; but she fully realized that Harry's good humored raillery made the step she was about to take all the easier.

Jennie was an orphan; her mother had been Sir Arthur's only sister, and had married a Scotchman, who lost all his fortune in an unlucky speculation.

The pecuniary troubles that followed killed him, and his wife did not long survive; so Jennie found a home with her uncle at Arden Hall.

She was twelve years old when she first came there, and for ten years she had lived in the quaint ruined mansion, uncared for, untaught, doing as she pleased without let or hindrance; for Sir Arthur was a real invalid, and Lady Arden an imaginary one.

The old housekeeper was the girl's only friend and companion. Teacher she had none; and yet Jennie Melville had managed to acquire a considerable amount of information on a great variety of subjects. She read the *Times* when it came from Sir Arthur's room, and other newspapers when Freeman, the butler, had done with them.

She studied *The Wealth of Nations*, and had the politics of the day by heart; she was also a good cook, for much of her time was spent in the kitchen, and she was naturally receptive.

She made her own dresses and her aunt's caps, looked after the conservatory, and "lent a hand" generally all over the house wherever she was wanted.

Always merry and healthy, and never fancying she was in the least neglected, she went on cheerily for five years. Then her cousin Harry, Sir Arthur's only son, came home from Oxford for some unexplained reason; and, finding time hanging rather heavily on his hands, he gave lessons to his young cousin.

The pupil soon got beyond her instructor, for Harry's powers were not of a very high order, and his teaching consisted chiefly of reading his own poetical effusions or making fine-sounding speeches on art or culture.

Jennie however read and thought, and soon discovered her cousin's shallowness; she learned how utterly superficial were his accomplishments, how contemptible was his want of purpose, and told him so more plainly than politely perhaps. But he only laughed good naturedly, and declared he rather liked her little outbursts of temper.

As a matter of course, Harry fell in love with his cousin, for he could not exist without being in love with some one; and, after much reflection, Jennie consented to be his wife conditionally. So they became engaged on her twenty-first birthday, with Sir Arthur's consent and blessing, and Lady Arden's mild approval. Both the Squire and his wife knew that Jennie was just the girl for indolent, easy-tempered Harry, because she was so firm, so earnest, so self-reliant, and had so much common sense.

She had no money, certainly: but then she had birth, brains, and beauty, and the Ardens had always been an unmercenary family.

The conditions imposed upon Harry were not very hard; but he had failed to fulfil them; and so, on the eve of her twenty-second birthday, Jennie broke off her engagement, bade him good-bye, and resolved to leave the Hall for ever.

She could do no good by staying, and she would not be missed. Matters would take their course, and, when the inevitable end came, there would be one less to be looked after.

Harry, lying under the apple tree, laughed again at the idea of Jennie's going anywhere or doing anything except what he wished; and it was not till a little note was brought to him the next morning, before he was out of bed, that he realized she was in earnest.

In her note she merely said, "Good-bye—I am off by the 9 15 train." Glancing at his watch, Harry saw that it wanted but a quarter to eleven; and, for the first time in his life, he felt a sense of shame at his own indolence.

"I must follow her at once!" he said to himself, with unusual energy; and then he remembered that he could not go to town that day, as Mr. Montagu, the family lawyer, was coming down; besides, he had not the remotest idea whither Jennie was gone, and, without some clue, seeking for her in London would be futile. The only person who could have given him any definite information was the old housekeeper; but her lips were sealed by a promise to Jennie not to give her address to any one without express permission.

* * * * * * * * *

Five years passed by, and Jennie Melville stood by the window of a little sitting-room in a London lodging-house, looking out at the muddy streets and driving rain.

It was not by any means a pleasant afternoon to venture out of doors, and the tiny sitting-room looked particularly cosy with its cherry fire and dainty tea-table.

Jennie herself was quite in keeping with her surroundings—she was bright, cherry, healthy-looking. The girl was a trifle less slender perhaps, and with more sedate expression on her face, but otherwise unaltered since she left Arden Hall five years before.

She wore a dress of some soft black material, with linen collar and cuffs; her curly dark hair was closely coiled at the back of her head, but no art could conceal its rippling waves in the front; her hands were soft and white; her only ornament was a heavy gold chain which had been her father's.

"Not beautiful, but trustworthy," she said, glancing at her old-fashioned watch. "Ten minutes more and I must be off. I wonder if cousin Harry has found 'the way to Arcady' yet. What would he say if he knew of my occupation? It's worse even than chips and shavings; but it pays!"—and Jennie glanced round her pretty room with almost childish delight. "It seems so funny to think that all this is mine, and that I have money in the savings bank, and could drive in hansom cab instead of trudging through the streets if I liked, and live in Bayswater instead of Bloomsbury, and that I've done it all myself, every bit. I'm happier a thousand times than if I were Lady Arden—idle, useless, and in perpetual difficulties;" and she took up a neat visiting card and read aloud—"'Miss Melville, Instructor in Cookery.' It doesn't sound very imposing, certainly; but it is useful and profitable. It was certainly a happy inspiration of mine!"

Then she took a large white apron and a pair of white sleeves from a drawer, placed them with a neatly-written menu in a basket, donned a waterproof, and, with a final glance round to see that everything was in order, went out, locking her door, and hurried off to give a lesson in cookery to a young lady living in Cavendish Square.

When Jennie left her home at Arden Hall, she had not quite decided what she should do, and until her plans were formed she lodged with the sister of the old housekeeper at the Hall, who had been a cook, and went out sometimes to assist at great dinners.

It was a chance remark of this good woman's—that ladies never knew how to set their own cooks right, or help them if they were in a difficulty—that caused Jennie to think, and the result was that she spent six months with Mrs. Batters, learning cookery in all its details and reading every book she could find on the subject.

Then she wrote to a lady who was well known for her readiness to assist all women in helping themselves, and explained her project; and the result was more satisfactory than she had dared to hope.

The lady not only approved of the plan, but became a pupil herself, and learned, for the first time in her life, how properly to boil a potato and cook a mutton-chop.

Altogether Jennie had done very well; her work was not very hard, and her heart was wholly in it; almost every working hour was fully occupied, and scarcely a day passed without a new pupil being added to her list.

More than once she was advised to start a class, as it would be a saving of time and trouble; but she steadily refused, believing that individual training was the great secret of her success.

Shortly after Jennie had left the Hall, Sir Arthur Arden died, and she learned from the old housekeeper that matters were even worse than she imagined; everything was sold, and Lady Arden, who had but a bare pittance to live upon, went abroad.

What became of her cousin Harry she never heard; she never saw his name in the newspapers or magazines, and never heard him spoken of by any of the ladies whom she went among.

"Professor" Melville was not always cooking, and she condescended to chat a little on social matters with her fair pupils occasionally.

In the course of her work she had made friends with many literary people, but none of them seemed to know anything of Sir Henry Arden.

"I wonder if he has found 'the way to Arcady,' poor fellow?" Jennie repeated, as she hurried along. "How he would despise my poor prosaic path! And yet it's comfortable enough. Poor Harry!"

Five minutes later she was in a large kitchen, with two slender fair-haired girls in bib-aprons and linen sleeves at her side, instructing them in the mystery of making and tossing pancakes—for it was Shrove Tuesday.

Suddenly there was a loud scream from one of the girls, who, in passing the fire, had touched the bars with her dress and in a moment was enveloped in flames.

She was rushing from the kitchen screaming wildly when Jennie seized her, threw her on to the floor, and covered her with the heavy kitchen hearthrug. The flames were out in a very few moments, and the girl, though terribly frightened, was not seriously injured.

The cook sent for a doctor while Jennie examined the burns. They were not serious, only a few which vaseline and cotton-wool would soon set all right.

Jennie herself, however, was not so fortunate, for she was badly burned about the face, neck, hands, and one of her arms. She scarcely seemed to notice her injuries till she was convinced that her pupil was out of all danger.

Then she proceeded in a very business-like way to dress the burns on her own hands and arms.

Just as Jennie was tying up one arm, the doctor entered the kitchen. For one moment she stared at him almost incredulously, then held out her blistered hands.

"Harry—cousin Harry!" she cried.

"Jennie!" he gasped, in astonishment; and the next moment he had her in his arms and kissing her. "But how is this?" he inquired. "They said Miss Leslie had met with an accident, and, as Doctor Wilson was out, I came at once, and I find it is my long-lost Jennie!"

"No, no—I am not the real patient; there she is;" and Jennie explained how the accident happened, making light of her own injuries. "But what do you know about burns, Harry?" she cried suddenly. "You are not a doctor."

"Yes, I am—fully-qualified assistant—with a view to partnership—to the great Doctor Wilson," he replied, with a droll

smile. "And you, Jennie?"

"Am Miss Melville, Instructor in Cookery," she said, with a curtsey.

"Well, Well! So this is how we have found 'the way to Arcady'!"

Six months later, when the partnership was an accomplished fact and Jennie Melville became Lady Arden, they both agreed that it was not such a bad way after all.

Noblesse Oblige.

BY T. M WATSON.

DICK MIDDLETON closed the door softly behind him, and stood for a moment reflecting upon the new turn of affairs. As a matter of fact, the result of the interview had been just what he expected, and yet he felt aggrieved, baffled, humiliated.

Mr. Carpenter, he was forced to admit, had spoken nothing but the truth. Unfortunately, the truth, in Dick's actual frame of mind, was precisely what he was least disposed to listen to. He had been prepared to offer such a boundless prospect of good resolves in the future, that it was irritating to find Mr. Carpenter resolutely determined to consider nothing save the experience of the past.

"It's deuced hard," Dick muttered to himself as he slowly descended the stairs. "One would think I was an out-and-out blackleg, instead of an ordinary, easy-going sort of a fellow, with no worse vice than a turn for billards, or a fancy for a hand at ecarte. I don't know that I've accomplished much good in my time, but I'm equally sure I've done no great harm. And it isn't every one," he added, with a grim little laugh, can boast as much in our set."

On reaching the hall, Dick halted again. Evidently he was in no hurry to go, as was shown by the careful manner in which he slowly drew on one glove after the other. Presently the reason for this deliberation became apparent. A side door was cautiously opened, and the faced of a curly-headed young girl made itself visible.

"Dick," said its owner in an agitated whisper, "Dick, how did he take it?"

"About as bad as any one could," returned the young man, with a disregard of grammatical nicety that may have been the result of nervousness.

"Oh, Dick!" said the girl, with something like a sob, "what shall we do? Come in, and tell me all about it."

Thus adjured, Dick laid aside his hat, and followed the other into the room where she had been waiting the termination of the discussion between the two men upstairs. A look of alarm over-spread her face as she observed the gloomy expression on her lover's features.

"There's not much to tell," said Dick dolefully; "the odds were against me from the start, and the governor, I'm afraid, takes the cake."

"You mean that papa has refused his consent?"

"Yes," replied Dick; "that's about what it comes to."

"But why—why?" cried the girl with a stamp of the foot, while a deeper color mounted to her face. "What were his reasons? how did he justify himself?"

The question, if it was to be truthfully answered, placed Dick in an awkward position. It was bad enough to be told by Nellie's father that he was a lazy, good-for-nothing scapegrace, who would never achieve anything in this world but the expenditure of his meagre income of four hundred a year upon his own selfish pleasures, to the support of which, by the way, Mr. Carpenter sternly decided to contribute. But to be forced to repeat such brutal sentiments to Nellie was, Dick felt, a little beyond human endurance.

"Your father," he said at last with a certain touch of constraint, "objects to the smallness of my income."

"Is that all?" said Nellie, breaking into a relieved smile.

To Dick the obstacle, it must be allowed, had appeared of sufficient weight, but at the moment it seemed to him unnecessary to give to his opinion the prominence it doubtless deserved.

"As if that could make any difference!" she went on, with a proud little gesture. "Rich or poor, you will always be the same to me. How could you believe otherwise?"

Poor Dick! After all, he was at heart a gentleman, and he knew, better even than Mr. Carpenter, that the idol which Nellie so fondly worshipped was in truth fashioned of very inferior clay.

He had followed his natural impulse, he would at that moment have taken her to his arms, and vowed that neither father, nor friends, nor the world's opinion should ever part them.

But somehow a feeling, of which he himself was only vaguely conscious, prevented him from carrying into effect an intention which, he seemed to recognize intuitively rather than by any process of reasoning, lay without the range of perfect loyalty to the girl who thus placed her trust in him.

He retreated a step or two, unable to meet Nellie's glance. "It won't do," he said at length. I have no right to prejudice your future like that.

For an instant the girl's eyes filled with tears, and her breath came quickly. But she speedily recovered herself. Ah, she cried; "I understand; you would sacrifice your happiness to mine, Dick. But you are wrong, quite wrong, if you think it is to be gained by running away. Surely I am old enough to judge what is best for me." She laughingly said with a toss of her pretty head.

"And now I'm going to papa myself; he has never yet refused me anything, and it will be strange if he begins with what is dearer to me than all else."

To Dick's mind this determination opened up a new phase of hope, and in some way, not perhaps to be logically demonstrated, but sufficiently clear for his purpose, reversed the decided refusal uttered a moment ago by Nellie's father.

Under the circumstances, therefore, he felt justified in marking his approval of the step in the manner customary between lovers. This happily accomplished, he took his departure, Nellie promising to communicate to him at once the result of the interview with her father.

On the whole, he was not disposed to despair of success even now. He had seen so many proofs of Mr. Carpenter's affection for his daughter that it would be hard, he argued, she did not succeed in convincing that stubborn gentleman.

On looking at his watch Dick found that it was still barely six, just time for a stroll in the park before dinner. He sauntered quietly into Kensington Gardens, and thence along the Row, greeting acquaintances as he passed, but stopping to speak to none.

A slight revulsion of feeling had overtaken him. What, he thought, if Nellie's efforts should prove futile? Now, to do him justice, he was very much in love with that young lady, and would, I am convinced, have married her without a penny, had circumstances so willed it. But, unfortunately, the fact of her being the only daughter of a wealthy man placed responsibilities upon a would-be suitor which rendered such a course impossible.

Dick dined at his club, and afterwards smoked a cigar in the billiard-room; refusing, however, to take part in a game at pool.

Subsequently he said good night, rather solemnly, to the other fellows, who, after his withdrawal, were unanimous in expressing the opinion that Dick, poor chappie, looked a trifle hipped.

The object of their commiseration had meantime reached his chambers. As he mounted the stairs Big Ben boomed forth ten o'clock, an exceptionally early hour for Dick's return to quarters.

To his surprise he found the outer door open; another proof, he muttered to himself, of the carelessness which characterized the elderly lady who in more senses than one did for him.

Once within his sitting room, he lit the lamp, and drew the curtains closely together. It was still much too early to think of bed, but a couple of hours might, he said to himself, be pleasantly passed over a novel and a pipe.

To procure the former he crossed to a small table standing in the farther corner of the apartment. Beside it was a sofa, and on the sofa Dick, with an exclamation of astonishment, perceived that a girl lay fast asleep.

He recognized her at once. It was Nellie. What was she doing there?

Clearly the simplest manner of solving the question was to awaken her. And what more effectual method of acnieving that could he adopt than by ——? But no. Until Dick was assured that the positions in which they formerly stood remained unchanged, to yield to such a temptation would be ungentlemanly — intolerable even.

He laid his hand upon the sleeping girl's head, and pronounced her name. She awoke with a start, looking about vaguely, as if doubtful as to where she was.

"Dick," she cried, her eyes falling upon her lover, "what are you doing here?"

He laughed in reply. That's a riddle it would take a cleverer fellow than myself to solve. We must go back to the beginning of things for an answer.

His words seemed to bring back to her the remembrance of what had happened. She rose, and stretching out both hands towards him said, a little tremulously, "What will you think of me?"

"Ah," said Dick, taking the small hands in his own and pressing them to his lips, "if only there were time to tell you!"

She snatched them from his grasp and fell back a pace. For an instant there was silence, and then, forcing herself to speak calmly, she continued, I have seen papa.

"Yes," replied Dick, feeling that he had nothing better to say.

"And he refused his consent once for all. Oh, Dick!" she went on, the tears starting to her eyes, "he said such cruel, unjust things of you."

Dick smothered an oath. He had no difficulty in imagining the things Mr. Carpenter had said. He would have liked to assure Nellie then and there that they were utterly untrue, but the slight remnant of conscience he still retained somehow forbade that.

Let it not be understood that Dick was worse than a hundred others. He had been lazy, extravagant, foolish, but never malicious, or, as things go nowadays, dishonorable. Yet he felt bound to confess that, from the parental point of view, he was hardly what might be termed an eligible son-in law.

"And you?" he said at last.

"I!" cried Nellie. "I answered that his suspicion were false—unjust; that he had no right to utter the things he did—no grounds for such accusations; and that, above all, I loved you, Dick, better than life itself."

What could he reply? How refrain from taking her in his arms and kissing away the tears which coursed down her cheeks? After all he was but human.

Presently she became quieter. "And now," she whispered, "that I have come, you will not send me away. Dick, I have sacrificed everything for you. I have promised to be your wife, and not even my father shall force me to break that pledge."

He felt her tremble in his arms. The girl's pure young soul had been laid bare, and the thought of her perfect trust almost overwhelmed him. How should he act? He knew well that once married to Nellie, Mr. Carpenter's forgiveness was but a question of time. Of this there was not the shadow of a doubt in his mind.

And besides, he loved her dearly—so dearly that he was prepared to cut away from him the past and begin a new and better life with her. Nor should it be thought that this was merely a passing fancy. With Nellie to sustain him, Dick would have been a new man.

If only she had trusted him less implicitly. That was the torturing thought. Had she doubted ever so little, had she expressed the slightest scruple, how eagerly he would have striven to overcome it! But such absolute belief in himself—this it was that touched him.

It was hard; but, as I have said, Dick had not quite lost all claim to the title of gentleman; and he felt that there was no help for it! "Nellie," he said at length, "it cannot be; you must return home."

If he had dealt her a blow, the expression on the girl's face could not have been more terrible. Even her lips seemed to blanch as she disengaged herself from her lover's embrace, and without a word turned from him.

Presently she took the shawl which lay on the sofa and began to wind it round her. Yes, she said in a tone that went like a knife to Dick's heart, "it is time I went home.

He moved a step towards her; but with a gesture she waved him away. "Nellie," he cried, "cannot you understand that it is because I prize your love more dearly than my own happiness that I say so? Oh, darling, if you would but believe that!"

"You are right, she answerered more gently. I begin to see that. But it is not easy at first. Come, you must do me one more kindness. I cannot go alone."

He offered his arm, which she took, and together they went downstairs. When they reached the Strand, Dick hailed a cab, ordering the driver to proceed to within a short distance of Mr. Carpenter's residence. In less than half an hour afterwards the two were standing at the door.

"Nellie," said Dick, with his hand upon the knocker, "some day you will know what it has cost me to let you go. Your father has forbidden me to enter his house. Perhaps he was right. Yes if I know myself, the day is not far distant when he will be proud to welcome me back. I have something worth working for now." He stooped and, holding her face between his hands, kissed the cold lips that made no effort to evade his own. "Good-bye, dear," he said; "I shall come back soon to claim another."

But, alas for the frailty of human purpose! it was the last time Dick ever kissed Nellie Carpenter.

Scientific and Useful.

PANCAKE MACHINE.—The latest invention is a pancake machine, in which, by turning a handle, the batter can be turned into a hopper, and between heated rollers browned and made ready for the table.

IRON SLAG.—In Europe iron slag is cast into blocks and used for street pavements and in house building. In Cleveland there is a factory which converts it into mineral wool. It is a mass of very fine fibres filled with glassy particles. It is soft pliant and inelastic.

INFECTION.—The danger of infection from impure water is said to be only slightly reduced by filtration through sand, bacteria passing through at all times, but in larger numbers just after the filter has been cleaned, and again after it has been used for some time.

WATER PIPE OF GLASS.—In Germany water pipes are being made of glass, with asphalt covering, to prevent fracture. It is claimed that they give thorough protection against moisture in the ground and against the action of acids and alkalies, and that they cannot be penetrated by gases. It is also believed that they will not become incrusted.

LIQUID GLUE.—Liquid glue has great resisting power. It is particularly recommended for joining wood to metals; is prepared, as follows: Clear gelatine, 100 parts; cabinet makers' glue, 100 parts, alcohol, 25 parts; alum, 2 parts; the whole mixed with 200 parts of 20 per cent. acetic acid, and heated in a water-bath for six hours. An ordinary liquid glue, also well adapted for wood and iron, is made by boiling together for several hours 100 parts glue, 200 parts water and 16 parts of nitric acid.

TANNING BY ELECTRICITY.—A trial of electricity as an agent for tanning hides into leather recently took place in Bermondsey, England. The tanning was accomplished in a revolving drum twelve feet in diameter and eight feet long, rotating at eight revolutions a minute. Turpentine and tannic acid were used to saturate the hides, and a strong current of electricity was caused to flow from a metal band which ran around the interior of one end of the drum to a corresponding band on the other end. The drum, after revolving five days, was opened, and the leather appeared to be of excellent quality. This system it is asserted, shortens the process of tanning from months to days.

Farm and Garden.

TRANSPORTATION.—One way to save transportation is to raise everything needed that can be grown on the farm. There are many kinds of fruit and vegetables that are seldom grown by farmers.

FREQUENCY OF CUTTING.—The more frequently the grass is cut the greater the tax on the land. Use plenty of manure on all land intended for grass next season. First kill out the weeds by cultivating the land with a crop requiring the use of a cultivator.

IMMATURE STOCK.—Breeding from immature stock every year will sooner or later tend to deterioration. It is better to use animals in their prime than to replace them with young stock. If a change is desired reserve the younger stock until each is matured and fully developed.

RAKINGS.—If manure is thoroughly composted with rakings, sod or other refuse, it will be of better quality than if heaped and allowed to decompose rapidly. There is sometimes quite a loss of ammonia from manure that is exposed, or that is too closely packed, and the addition of substances which absorb the gases and prevent overheating not only prevents loss but improves the whole.

WEEDS AND GRASS.—No crops hold their own against weeds better than millet or Hungarian grass, and especially the latter, the frequent mowings benefitting the crop and lessening the number of weeds. As the seeds soon germinate and the plants grow rapidly, especially during the warm days, they soon take full possession of the ground and crowd down the weeds. A crop of Hungarian grass will clean a piece of land of weeds as well as though cultivation had been given, and if, after the final mowing, the crop be turned under and a dressing of lime applied to the plowed soil the labor of cultivating the land the following season will be materially lessened, while the land will be fit for almost any kind of a crop.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED A.D. 1821

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 14, 1890.

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(IN ADVANCE.)

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Publication office, 726 Sansom St.

THE ANGELUS.

BY JEAN FRANCOIS MILLET.

This masterpiece of the great French painter has been purchased by an American for the sum of $116 000 and duties, amounting in all to about $150 000. It is the largest sum ever paid for a painting of this sort.

Jean Francois Millet, who died in 1875 at the age of sixty, devoted himself to the faithful reproduction of actual rustic life among the French peasantry. During his lifetime he was sorely distressed by poverty and want, and it was not until some time after his death that his wonderful genius was appreciated.

Gambetta makes the following comment on the work reproduced in our etched and colored oleograph: "Millet appears with his marked character of a painter of the seasons, the fields, and the peasants. 'The Angelus,' is his masterpiece in which two peasants, bathed in the rays of the setting sun and full of mystical emotion, bow their heads at the penetrating sound of a bell ringing for evening prayer at the monastery visible on the horizon." All the original colors, and shades are reproduced in *fac simile*, so that our oleograph gives "The Angelus" exactly as seen in the painting itself. Save that it has not actually been painted by hand it presents the full life, beauty and expression of the work as it came from Millet's easel. The gold and red of the setting sun; the dark browns and greens of the field where the peasants are working; the faithful blues and grays of their peasant costumes; the gathering shadow of twilight are all shown with such delicate taste and blending of hues, that the picture stands out inspired with religious sentiment and devotion. A finer copy, and one in which more skill is shown has never before been produced. The size of this famous picture in colors, is 22x28 inches and a copy will be sent, all postage paid, to every one who sends us $2 00 for one year's subscription to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST in advance.

"In Love" and "The Peacemaker"

Are two splendid companion photo-gravures. They are printed on heavy-toned paper, and are in size 12 x 16 inches each. The subject of the first named "In Love" represents a young couple dressed in the fashion of our grandfathers and grandmothers, sitting under a tree in the garden of an old-time mansion. The maiden is sewing and the lover after the style of the period, is paying her courteous and kind attention. In the second picture, "The Peacemaker," the couple have plainly had a quarrel. Both pretend to want to part, and at the same time both are evidently glad of the kind offices of a young lady friend who has just come upon the scene, and wishes to have them "make it up." Each picture tells its own story completely, and each is the sequel and complement of the other. Prettier works of art or neater pictures for a parlor or sitting-room, could not be desired.

These two splendid companion photo-gravures sent prepaid to each subscriber who sends us $2 00 for the THE POST one year.

If preferred we will send instead a copy of the magnificent picture of "Christ before Pilate," size of which is 21x28 inches.

Of Humanity.

People who make a business of holding theories of man talk continually about Humanity, with a capital "H."

"What is this humanity which raises such a pother? Is it an abstraction, or a mere nickname, or a name newly coined for a sect? We understand that some people worship this same Humanity; why not begin to recognize the claims of Brutality? If Man, with a capital 'M,' is to be a deity, why not give a chance thought to poor ill-used Brute?"

So the simpletons talk on; and really their harmless amazement is not to be wondered at.

Old fashioned folk were wont to bewail the weakness of poor humanity. "To err is human" was a phrase that passed current as a commonplace among the Romans long before Pope fixed it in his brief crisp fashion.

"Frail humanity," "weak human nature," "poor humanity" were all stock phrases which we were accustomed to meet daily.

Then our most awe-striking religious services constantly harped upon the helplessness, the sin, the blindness of our frail race; we craved pardon and pity, and we never thought of becoming self assertive.

One of our most popular poets said, "Weak is the will of man, his judgment blind." The greatest man of all says, "We are such stuff as dreams are made of, and our little life is rounded with a sleep."

The experience of thousands of years seemed to teach us that we should be humble above all things, and that our pettiness must be recognized with frankness.

For our own part, we should be the last to ignore the tendencies towards good which work slowly through the ages. We rejoice to see the race of men gradually working upward; and we have the keenest pity for the poor strugglers who strive so earnestly and fail so frequently.

But, while we recognise all that is good and beautiful in our miraculous life, there are moments when we see that the existence of the whole race of men is merely an episode in the life of an insignificant planet, and that, much as we cleave to life and much as we hope for the future, we are certain to be superceded by a higher race of beings.

Change is the universal law, and from the time when the elements that form our globe were in the form of mere wandering clouds until the present time, the steady process of change has gone on—unhasting, unresting.

We have much to be proud of; the brain of man is miraculous, and his conquests over the dread objects of physical nature are very strange and marvellous. But we must not dream of placing him as the final term in the immense series developed throughout the ages; we must be content to call him feeble, frivolous, unsure, prone to all forms of error.

We think that most people of common sense will agree with our view; and yet, all on a sudden, a vigorous and cultured sect has arisen whereof the members inform us that we should bow down and worship this same frail and suffering Humanity whose weaknesses and wickedness have been pitied by all the wisest and best on earth. Is it not mournfully farcical?

There is no Humanity apart from Christianity. We look round on the history of our kind and we search vainly for one sign of tenderness, for one sign of beauty, for one sign of real, gentle goodness. We are disappointed. If we leave the ancient times, and forget the "old, unhappy, far-off things," we are confronted with miserable evil in modern days—so modern, alas, that the grim deeds and the miserable suffering seem only like petty adventures that have happened to a next-door neighbor!

Poor Humanity—poor Humanity! Was it fit to be worshipped during the lunacy of the French Revolution?

Men were rabid for blood in those days, and Carrier, thrusting his sword into the flood that poured from the scaffold, was only a wild type of thousands more who longed to drink blood, and who thought of nothing but blood until the wild close of their lives came.

Robespierre talked all the cant which is so common now about the religion of Humanity. Anacharsis Cloots had his gospe always ready in his pocket. The deadly Robespierre—the subtle, pestilent villain—always had his words of peace flowing glibly from his lips, and he always had bright visions of a time when Humanity should survive all our petty mortal contrivances.

Robespierre went to the shadows accursed by all men and beloved by none, and one of the principal professors of the gospel of Humanity went when that thin, pale faced wretched creature gave his last yell on the scaffold and died in unutterable cowardice, disgrace and despair.

We look on the vast sliding panorama of the ages; we pick out brief intervals of time that endure only for a tiny space, and we are driven to ask, "What is Humanity worth?" The answer comes forcibly when we have been forced to think of God and of death—Humanity is nothing.

We creatures that think ourselves important in the tremendous scheme of Creation are merely analogous to butterflies that flutter and gender, and die on the day that gives them birth.

Our best plan is to fall silent; we must learn to worship humbly and accept the fate that is laid upon us.

To worship our silly, feeble Humanity seems to strong souls worse than the weakest practices of the heathen, who know nothing and who fear only extinction.

There is need of stronger stuff, and we crave only the right to live, to suffer, to believe, and to distrust Humanity apart from religion.

THERE is a vast difference between the expression of a due and delicate appreciation of merit and that false and exaggerated praise which is dictated by adulation. The former is always received with pleasure; but the latter wounds the susceptibility of those on whom it is lavished, to a mind rightly constituted there being nothing more painful than undeserved or even excessive commendation.

EACH one of us is bound to make the little circle in which he lives better and happier. Each of us is bound to see that out of that small circle the widest good may flow. Each of us may have fixed in his mind the thought that out of a single household may flow influences that shall stimulate the whole commonwealth and the whole civilized world.

COUNT, if you can, your daily actions from the time of your rising till your retiring to rest, and see whether one out of ten has been done purely for God, or with the perfection he wishes; and the other nine, where are they?

IF we would show our hunger for souls and our love for our neighbor we must not be attached to consolations. We must listen to other people's troubles, and have compassion on those who are bound to us by bonds of charity.

LOVE is the crowning grace of humanity, the holiest right of the soul, the golden link which binds us to duty and truth, the redeeming principle that chiefly reconciles the heart to life, and is prophetic of eternal good.

THERE is this difference between happiness and wisdom: he that thinks himself the happiest man, really is so; but he that thinks himself the wisest, is generally the greatest fool.

FACTS are to the mind the same thing as food to the body. On the due digestion of facts depend the strength and wisdom of the one, just as vigor and health depend on the other.

CHARITY is precious—that charity which strongly impels us to help our neighbor, and which is willing to endure a thousand deaths that our neighbor may advance in virtue.

OBEDIENCE does not consist merely in doing what we are directed, but in a continual disposition of accomplishing on every occasion whatever we shall be commanded.

PLEASURES are like food. He who is accustomed to plenty eats with moderation; a starving man eats ravenously.

The World's Happenings.

There are 16 000 flour mills in the United States.

A colored boy of Spudra, Cal., is named Simon Suckeggs.

The Government contracts for 500 000,000 stamped envelopes annually.

The people of this country consume, it is said, 200,000 000 bottles of pickles annually.

Two youths of Napoleon, Mich., won a wager by eating five pounds of honey at one sitting.

A tree recently felled in Oregon was 120 feet long, while the butt measured only one foot through.

Industrious and patient thieves lugged off 100 bushels of oats from a store in Marine City, Mich., on a recent night.

A land turtle was found at North Lakeville, Mass., a few days ago, bearing four or five dates, the earliest being 1795.

In St. Louis it is claimed that the replacing of horse-cars by electrically propelled cars results in a saving of at least 40 per cent.

It was shown at a recent Methodist Conference in Maine that the average pay of the preachers in its jurisdiction was 81 cents a day.

A London gravedigger died recently while pursuing his calling, his dead body being found in a grave by those who went in search of him.

A penniless Scotch immigrant accidentally stumbled upon a rich brother in New York, a few days ago, whom he had not seen for over 37 years.

A pair of robins have built a nest on a shelf in a school-room at Boscastle, England. The shelf is only four feet from the ground and in full view of the pupils.

In a Berlin cafe the coffee is not only boiled by electricity, but a small electric railway carries it to the various tables, so that the guests may help themselves to their liking.

Senator Stanford, although the breeder of some of the most famous trotting horses in the world, and the owner of a large number of them, has rarely in recent years attended a horse race.

The increase of about 1 000 000 people in 13 years in Spain is attributed in a great measure to the success that has attended the changes in the hygienic condition of the large cities and towns.

An official estimate sets down the number of wolves in Russia at 170. 000. It is further stated that the loss caused by the destruction of sheep and swine by wolves is so great that it cannot be even approximately estimated.

An exchange asserts that a calf recently born in a New Hampshire town "had three bodies, two heads, two mouths, four eyes, two ears, eight legs and two tails. One mouth had two tongues. The monstrosity lived two days."

For original ideas in the line of theft Walter Johnson, a young man of Springfield, N. J., is hard to beat. He recently drove to the farm of James S. Worrell, Jr., near Vincentown, stole a load of hay and drove off to market.

An advertisement in a recent issue of the Chicago Tribune read: "Personal—I will donate $25 to charity, to be named by the Tribune, if I cannot name the place where you get the toughest steak and poorest service on Madison street. Y 141, Tribune."

The United States is, without doubt, a nation of coffee drinkers. The imports from South America amount to over 325 000,000 pounds annually, of which 80 per cent. comes from Brazil. The second largest shipper to this market is Venezuela, 11 per cent.

An Anti-Gambling League is announced as forming in England, the Earl of Aberdeen to be the first president. The qualifications for membership will be an agreement for the annual payment of a shilling and the signing of a pledge to "abstain from betting."

A citizen of Charleston, W. Va., has long been bothered with a smoky chimney, and the other day he got a mason to investigate. In the flue was found a tin box containing $6000 in cash, which some one had hid away during the war and never returned to get it.

There is on exhibition in Keokuk, Ia., the pattern of the insole of a pair of shoes made at Kahoka for a girl living at Rainbow, Mo. The girl for whom these shoes were made is only 17 years old, and is 7 feet 7 inches in height, and weighs 235 pounds. The insole measures 16 inches in length.

The independent icemen in Jersey City have agreed on the following scale of prices for the season: "Butchers and saloon keepers, 60 cents per 100 pounds; families, 15 pounds a day and 30 pounds Saturday, 80 cents a week; 25 pounds four times a week, 70 cents.

William McCulley, of Solano county, Cal., died recently and left by will $25,000 in property to his son, aged 17, upon condition that he pay $5 000 to his only sister, aged 15, when she comes of age. The boy says he will wait until he is 21, when he will divide the money equally.

During a storm which recently raged in the canton of Neuchatel, in Switzerland, a shower of living caterpillars fell on the hill of Cretets. They were in myriads and of three species—some yellow, the others black, and varying in length. Among the caterpillars were many other insects.

A cat at Bristol, Conn., is an ardent "fisherman," and has developed a taste for live bull-heads, which it satisfies by daily resorting to a small pond and catching good-sized fish. In its eagerness it often gets into quite deep water and receives a thorough soaking, but it invariably secures its prey.

Robert Ross, a young brakeman on the Pan Handle road, dreamed on a recent night that he was thrown under his train while coupling cars in the Cincinnati yard, and that one of his legs was cut off. A few days after his dream came true exactly as related, except when his leg was cut off an arm went too, and he was taken to the hospital in a dying condition.

DREAMING.

BY SUSANNA J.

With drooping head and loose-locked hands,
Her thoughts with joy and sorrow tinged,
Lost in a world of dreams, she stands
Beside the casement ivy-fringed.

But she, self-wrapped from time and place,
Recalls in thought some happy hour,
Some by-gone day, whose living grace
Hath conquered Time's effacing pow'r.

She lingers, lost in such a dream
As minstrel song can ne'r translate.
Oh, could such hours past bliss redeem
Or for our losses compensate!

"A Year, a Week, a Day!"

BY S. U. W.

"WHAT are you going to do with yourself this afternoon, Crofton?"

"Oh, I don't know. Pay some bills in the town, and then perhaps call on some of the people about, just to say good-bye, you know. I've sent P. P. C.'s to most of them."

A most commonplace inquiry and response, and yet Paul Dalrymple's keen grey eyes twinkled anxiously as he asked the question in a tone of elaborate indifference, apparently intent on making his cigar draw properly, and Frank Crofton's answer sounded, despite his best endeavors, somewhat sheepish and apologetic.

The scene was a barrack-room, half dismantled—carpets up, curtains down; in the background mighty cases marked "Captain F. Crofton, The Royal Manx Fusileers," carefully adjusted so as to cause the greatest possible risk to life and limb; in the middle-distance a soldier-servant stowing away pictures, china and odds and-ends of decoration, according to his lights; in the foreground the two speakers reposing in an oasis of hired furniture.

They were an oddly assorted pair of friends. Frank, the typical officer of the days before 1880, a gay, good-humored, good-looking youngster of five-and-twenty; liking his profession and enjoying life as a man should with plenty of money and friends, a good conscience and excellent digestion.

Paul Dalrymple, senior captain and brevet-major, was a shabby, silent, eccentric old man; credited with the possession of boundless wealth, vast and unfailing stores of information and a story. He was, in fact, the romance of the regiment. No one knew why he staid in the service, except, as he candidly said, because there was nothing for him to do out of it, and no one could imagine what drew him to young Crofton.

Frank's beautiful grey-haired mother, in her far-off northern home, might have told, but she never did; and the boy doesn't know to this day how the letters in which Dalrymple's name occurs are kept carefully apart from his other brief and unfrequent scrawls, "for old sake's sake." From the day he joined, the two seemed to gravitate to one another in an unaccountable fashion, diverse as were their tastes and habits.

"If you are going to the Vicarage, or to Mrs. Conway's, or any of those I know, you might look me up on your way, and I'll go with you."

"You!" in a tone of limitless amaze.

"Why not? They've been as civil to me as I would let them."

"I could leave your card."

"No. I think I'd better go; especially as it's the last we shall see of them all. I'll get into mufti, and be ready by three."

"All right," in a very unenthusiastic tone, and the twain parted.

If soliloquies were ever spoken off the stage here might follow—

Frank (log.): "Good old man! He'll be hideously in the way, but I daren't tell him so. My last chance of a word with Nora gone! Something must be settled today. I can't go till I know whether she is in earnest or only making a fool of me. I would have spoken the other night if I had known we should have got the route for Aldershot so soon. I wonder, as it's our last night here, whether Mrs. Conroy will suggest our coming in after mess, &c.," during the process of a careful toilette.

Major Dalrymple (striding down-hill to his quarters, biting his cigar savagely): "Ouff! Four-and-twenty hours more of this! Not safe then, either, as long as the post office exists. I don't know, though; Frank isn't good at pen-and-ink work. He'll want help with the spelling. No, once let me get to Aldershot and I shall breathe freely. I've lost a stone in weight, since we came to this accursed little hole" (grimly scowling at the red roofs of the little town below him, buried in its tamarisk groves). "My brain is softening; I am becoming scured, suspicious, and as great a manœuvrer as that—that shark in petticoats, Mrs. Conway herself. Let me once get that boy safe from her devouring clutches, and—and I'll trust the rest to Providence."

With this handsome compliment to the powers above, Major Dalrymple entered his room, and proceeded to divest himself of his shabby old tunic. In the course of the operation a thin little letter of foreign post fell at his feet, and regardless of time or toilette he deliberately sat down to reperuse it. It was in a pretty decided feminine hand, and ran as follows:—

"DEAR UNCLE PAUL:—This will be posted at Paris on our way home! I feel too ecstatic to write rationally. Think of seeing Westwood, and Sandport, and the regiment and your dear old self again!

"Oh, these weary, wandering years of life abroad! I can hardly believe that they have come to an end. You want to know how it has all come to pass? All thanks to Madame la Comtesse! How I did hate her, and how I bless her name now! I have never cared to say much about her, but you know how, when I dragged papa away from Monaco, she reappeared at Nice, then at Florence, as soon as we had fairly settled down there. Always the same. Exquisitely dressed, coquettish to papa, maternally benevolent to me, in spite of the very rudest behavior I could invent, which only resulted in a big quarrel between me and the pater, and in his going alone to her receptions for the future, and staying till all hours. Do you know it was a relief to find that it was baccarat as well as Madame that led him captive. She came to me one day and assured me with tears in her eyes that her friends would play, but that she had implored him, on her knees, not to join them.

"'His losses are but a mere bagatelle—nothing to shock you, my dear child,' she protested.

"'Whatever they are they will never be paid—unless by me,' I replied coolly; 'and I warn you I shall do so only on one condition—that he never sets eyes on one of you again.'

"Madame smiled ineffably, pressed my softly and kissed me before I could help it, breathed an eloquent little benediction over me, and departed.

"She and papa had a very touching farewell scene that very evening, leaving him so forlorn and ashamed of himself, that I was able to make what terms I pleased.

"He is a very troublesome charge, dear guardian. I hope I am not too hard upon him but he exasperates me beyond all bearing sometimes. He is so utterly selfish, so capricious and untrustworthy, that it is impossible for me to keep up any pretense of honoring or obeying him as a parent; and as for loving him—I sometimes think I was born without the capacity for giving or receiving love, till I reflect that I never had the chance; except as far as concerns my own dear uncle and guardian, the first and sole possessor of the heart and affections of his faithful little—

"MAISIE MOUNTJOYE."

"Poor little woman! And they are coming home just as we leave, worse luck," grumbled old Paul, folding the letter and carefully pocketing it, as he gazed from his window across the valley to the opposite hillside, where Westwood Towers stood, solemn, stately, deserted. The parade of Southport ended at the foot of the hill, but a long white road ran on beside the sea round its base. A few dots of black and red represented the traffic, with one larger dark speck in motion, on which the Major's attention became suddenly fixed.

He seized a race-glass excitedly.

"It is—no—yes—it is the Conway's basket-trap, and the old grey pony. Mamma driving, and Miss Leonora's red parasol beside her! They must be going to the band at Boatstown. A few hours business at the least."

The old manœuvrer right cheerily replaced his one decent coat in its drawer, scrambled into his disgraceful old tweed suit, and meeting Captain Crofton at the doorway ten minutes later, said with a guileless smile:

"After all—as you said—why need I go. My card is quite as good to look at as I am. Here are the pasteboards—leave them where you think fit—only—I say—say something very pretty to the Conways for me. They have always been so uncommonly civil."

The Conways, mother and daughter, lived in a modest little cottage standing between the road from the barracks and the sea. Frank naturally found it—as did a good many of his brother officers—the first place on his way to anywhere.

The demure little maid-servant opened the door for him with a suppressed gleam of intelligence in her eyes, and showed him into the well-known drawing-room; departing in quest of her mistress.

It was a bright little abode. Sunshine and sea-breeze poured in through the open French windows. Plenty of lace, blue ribbons, flowers and cheap china adorned it. Music of a popular description (with "Miss L. Conway, from ———," a variety of initials inscribed in the top corner) strewed the piano.

An album full of studies of the British officer lay open on the table, in a manner suggestive of the recent insertion of new additions; and on the Davenport near the window lay a photographer's parcel newly opened, containing counterfeit presentments of the fair Leonora's own showy self in various costumes and attitudes.

While Frank stood wondering whether he dare purloin one of the tempting collection, or whether it would not be pleasanter to receive it by the grace of the lady herself, the maid returned rather disconcerted. "Very sorry; but she hadn't known the ladies were both out."

Poor Frank felt the temperature suddenly lowered, and a damp grey cloud of disappointment obscure the sunshine.

He sat down at the Davenport to inscribe a few awkward words of farewell on his card, the little maid standing sympathizingly by. "There's no telling when they'll be home, sir, when they go to Boatstown." She answered his hopeless queries as she had done those of some half dozen callers before that same afternoon, whose P. P. C.'s lay scattered round thick as autumn leaves.

A shadow across the sunshine, a light step on the window-sill, a flutter of ribbons in the breeze.

"Oh, Captain Crofton, is it you? Mamma has taken Netty to the band. Do wait till she comes home. Tea, Susan."

Alas, poor Paul Dalrymple!

* * * * * * * * *

"And that's all, is it?"

"Quite enough too, judging by the polite and friendly manner in which you receive it," fumed Frank.

"Dear boy, don't be wrath with me. Just think how little I know about lovers and engagements; and give me time to assimilate your information, and produce some sentiment worthy the occasion. So you are really engaged?"

"What else have I been saying for the last half hour?"

"And Mrs. Conway?"

"She is everything that is nice and kind. Oh, I know you don't like her, but it is Leonora I'm going to marry, not her mother; and she is—everything that a man could wish. What are you saying—old? Well, I'm not exactly a boy, and she is just seven-and-twenty. She told me so herself directly."

"I've no doubt she did. When is the marriage to come off?"

"As soon as possible—that is, you know—my younger brother Herbert only comes of age the year after next, and there can be no division of the property till then. Still my mother is one of the trustees, and I think they might stretch a point, and allow us to marry at once—eh, Dal?"

"Shall you leave the service?"

"Yes, I fancy so, and settle down with Nora in some place like Southsea or Brighton, where there's plenty going on. I'm beginning to think I've done enough soldiering. What have you got there?"

Major Dalrymple was fitting the key to the lock of a large leather photograph case, which had hitherto always lain closed upon his writing-table.

"Only a portrait which I am going to put away. There! I don't mind letting you see it first."

It was a large, beautifully finished photograph, that looked as if it ought to be a good likeness. A sweet little dark face looked out of it, full of life and intelligence. Large grey eyes, bright and steadfast, a bewitching mouth with sensitive curves, and a dimpled, determined little chin, met Frank's curious gaze. "What a darling!" was his comment. "Whoever is she?"

"My niece and ward," replied Dalrymple; "the only child of my poor little sister and Lord Gerald Mountjoye, youngest son of the Marquis of Cavan. He broke her heart and spent her money in the pleasantest, ligutest-going Irish way imaginable. Fortunately Westwood Towers and the bulk of the income was securely settled on Maisie—that child you are looking at; and Lord Gerald lives on an annuity, and as much more as he can extract from Maisie. She is a wise little creature, and does her best for her prodigal father, but it's a hard life. She is bringing him home now, and is going to try and make a decent country gentleman out of the broken-down old scapegrace."

"She looks as if she could do anything she chose with any man," said Frank slowly, not giving up the photograph.

"Well, to make a clean breast of it, I once hoped you would let her try her hand on you, Frank, some of these days. There! the truth is out! I have been as full of matchmaking schemes as any old dowager, but they are all at an end now. Give me back that portrait, and there's an end to the subject. You have chosen for yourself, and may you be as happy as—as Miss Conroy deserves."

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One year had rolled through autumn to winter, to spring and again to early summer, but had brought no wedding-day to Frank. The trustees had proved impracticable to his profound disgust.

The "Royal Manx" had had five moves in nearly as many months, for reasons best known to the Horse Guards. Frank's most energetic efforts to get leave had thrice proued unavailing. An illness of his mother, a marriage of a sister, a riot in the mining regions, had successively interposed between him and Sandport, and thus it befell that never, since the day of their hurried betrothal, had he set eyes on his lady-love again.

He had her letters to console him, of course; but the beautiful Miss Conroy was not a gifted correspondent, and Frank held letter-writing to be an invention of the enemy, and abhorred it accordingly.

He used to hang about inquisitively when he found Major Dalrymple deep in the perusal of a many pages, closely written script, with the Sandport post-mark and interlaced M's on the envelope; and watch respectfully while Paul covered sheet after sheet of note-paper with his square uncompromising caligraphy in reply.

"Why you and Miss Mountjoye have more to say to one another than Nora and I!"

"That is very likely," Paul would reply grimly.

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"Just a year to-day since we left Sandport," Frank remarked to himself one summer day at York. "Is Nora thinking of it, I wonder?" he continued in a mood of unwonted sentiment as he made his way to his friend's room. He expected to find it empty, and entered unceremoniously.

A young lady sprang up, and advanced to meet him with outstretched hands. "Uncle Paul!" she began, and then stopped short, as much embarrassed as himself.

It was twelve months since Paul Dalrymple had taken Maisie's photograph from his reluctant hands and put it away out of sight, with the hopes and fancies he had built upon it; yet the bright earnest eyes and wistful smile still held possession of his memory. The original stood before him now, careworn and delicate-looking, but the same.

"I beg your pardon," she said, feeling somehow as if she ought to recognize him; "I came to get a book; I didn't know any one was here." The young lady bowed quietly and resumed her seat, while Frank rummaged in Paul's bookshelf for "The Soldier's Pocket-book" in vain. A staid, motherly-looking maid was in attendance on Miss Mountjoye, and a short whispered conference passed between them meanwhile.

"Do you know where my uncle Major Dalrymple is to be found?" asked Miss Mountjoye in a voice that matched her eyes; clear and sweet, just as Frank seized the next book that came to hand and commenced a retreat. "Brent—his servant—brought us here and has gone to look for him."

"Brent is an old donkey. He knew quite well that Major Dalrymple was going to Leeds to-day. He'll be back at six——" Frank stopped abruptly, such a look of utter despair crossed the fair young face before him.

"Then I have had my journey for nothing. We may go back, Christine," she said, her lip quivering piteously.

"No, indeed, you mustn't!" Frank declared impetuously. "He mayn't have started yet. I'll get him for you somehow. Telegraph—Go after him—I know I can work it. Just let me try."

"You are good," said Maisie, recovering her composure. It will be doing me a great service."

"Just wait here and you'll see! I'll bring him back, if I have to get a special train." And off he dashed, feeling equal to any feat of nineteenth century knight-errantry on behalf of so fair a damsel.

After all he had to go no further than the

station, where he found Paul lounging about, waiting for the next train.

He raised his grizzled eyebrows, gave a long low whistle, and shouldering his big stick, tramped off barrackwards without a word to poor Frank, who, seeing no opening for presenting himself again in Dalrymple's quarters, lounged about disconsolately for the next half hour, at the end of which time he had the satisfaction of seeing the trio emerge and take the road to the station.

He followed, feeling aggrieved and out of humor; watched Paul put mistress and maid into a Harrowgate carriage and keep guard at the door till it started; and then at the very last moment received a sudden bright glance of recognition and a pretty gracious smile and bow that made him a happier man on the spot.

Paul's gnarled old features wrinkled into a grin as he watched the little pantomime. He joined his young friend as he walked home, and became unexpectedly confidential.

"I suppose you want to know all about it, eh? I've been making a brute of myself just now to that poor little lass. All for her good, you know; she wants to come and live with me, and I'll none of her. Think of me with a young lady and a maid and a grand piano and a pug in my quarters. I've sounded herwell and sent her home to her father. He is at Doncaster; left her all alone in a hotel, and she must needs come off at once to me with her troubles."

"I wish she'd come to me instead," was Captain Crofton's mental comment.

"I can't help her. I gave her lots of good advice which she won't take—naturally."

"What's the trouble—her father? What has he been doing now?"

"Only what might have been expected. She got him home to Westwood, a place with no county society to speak of (and what there is Lord Gerald contrived to scandalize past forgiveness in a month), so he took to the regular sea side set, greatly to Maisie's delight. She was only too happy to see him innocently and inexpensively amused anywhere, so they went in for all the small local dissipations. Ugh! My poor, proud Maisie sinking into that set of garrison hacks and cheap swells!" Dalrymple growled angrily.

Captain Crofton felt as if it was his duty somehow to have taken up the defence of Sandport society—but he didn't.

"Still that didn't satisfy him, and he has broken out lately in a style that makes it impossible for his daughter to stay with him. She was prepared to leave him when, the other day, he suddenly announced his intention of turning and repenting, leading a new life and marrying!"

"And how does she take it?"

"Most sensibly. She came to consult me about making her father an additional allowance, and giving up Westwood Towers to him and his bride. That was how the idea of living with me came in; but I soon put an end to that. She must stay at home and make the best of it."

"With a vulgar Sandport stepmother?" protested Frank indignantly.

"We don't know that the future Lady Gerald is any worse than the regular run of Sandport girls," Dalrymple said, with a look askance at his friend. "She is not very young and by Maisie's account is quite equal to managing even such a tough subject as my precious brother-in-law. Anyhow, we shall see her soon. Maisie says a most pressing invitation from her father is on its way to me, and I have suggested that it had better include you too. I know it will be all right about leave, and, if you choose, we can start to-morrow night and see for ourselves how the good people at Sandport are getting on without us."

Paul's lengthy speech was received with much favor by his audience of one. Frank packed, thought of writing to Nora, decided it was no use, as he should arrive in Sandport nearly as soon as his letter, and awaited his invitation. It and his leave arrived together, and the two friends started southwards once more.

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The lights of Sandport twinkled them a cheery greeting from below as they drove along the star-lit road to the Towers, late on the second evening of their journey.

Frank bestowed one glance of perfunctory sentiment on his lady love's chimney-pots; wondered whether Mrs. Conway asked any fellows in after mess nowadays; and then fell to speculating on how Miss Mountjoye would look when they met again.

Miss Mountjoye looked a very gay and gracious little princess indeed, many years younger than the distressed damsel of York, when she welcomed them standing by her father's side in the vast half-furnished drawing-room.

Lord Gerald, who still affected the dashing young Irishman of bygone days, greeted them with effusive hospitality. He beamed on Frank and overflowed with affectionate cordiality to the dry old major, who received it as desert sands the rain—absorbing all, returning none.

Still Paul was visibly gratified at Maisie's bright looks, and so far unbent before dinner was over that Lord Gerald, deeming the moment propitious, carried him off as soon as he decently could afterwards to discuss his prospects—matrimonian and pecuniary.

Frank, left to his own devices, found his way back to the gaunt, unhome-like drawing room, and looked for his hostess.

The soft surging of the rising tide and a streak of light from the newly-risen moon came in through an open window, and out on the terrace he saw a white-shrouded little figure, with bent head and clasped hands, standing motionless, looking out into the night, across the sea. He would have joined her, but the glimpse he caught of her face made him pause. The mouth had drooped back into its old pathetic curves, the delicate brows were drawn with painful thought. She looked so young, so tender, so burdened with cares, of which Paul's revelations had given him some idea, that he felt wrathful and grieved, and wild to do something to comfort or help her, all in a moment, as he looked at her.

"I'm not a particularly interesting fellow" said Frank to himself by way of encouragement: "but I can't be worse company for her than her own meditations seem to be;" and forthwith stepped out on to the terrace beside her.

He was apparently justified in his conclusions, for Major Dalrymple, entering the room an hour later, heard two young voices in gay, low-toned discourse outside, and a peal of the most mirthful girlish laughter that had ever issued from Maisie's lips.

"Listen to me, young one," he addressed Frank, when they parted for the night; "have you told my niece of your engagement?"

"Well, no, I haven't, replied Frank rather blankly

"May I ask, why not?"

"I really—well, the truth is—I forgot all about it."

Major Dalrymple chuckled to himself and retired.

* * * * * * *

"I'll go and call directly after luncheon," thought Frank next morning, as he made his way from the beach after a swim. Mrs. Conway never liked people to come in the mornings, and besides I promised Miss Mountjoye to try and show her how to mount these photographs;" and up the rough flight of stone steps to the Parade he scrambled, feeling somewhat guiltily that one engagement—and not the right one—was pleasanter to anticipate than the other.

Sandport is an early place. The pleasure boats were already drawn down to the shingle, the white bathing machines out and occupied.

There was a flutter of bright morning toilettes on the Parade, a sound of obliging children's voices from the beach below.

One sailor-blue lady, with a yellow novel, turned and looked at Frank as he crossed the Parade to the steep path that climbs up the hill to the Towers.

"Nora!" he exclaimed.

"Frank!"

They were alone, in the shelter of a little clump on stunted pines; but she made no rush into his arms, nor did he offer her any encouragement to do so.

"You got my letter?" she asked.

"What letter? Nothing since last week. Anything the matter?"

"Oh, Frank, I wish you had read it! I had no idea you were coming. I thought I was never to see you again, and you didn't care!"

"What nonsense!" said Frank rather unevilly; "a man can't keep running down to pay calls from one end of England to the other. But, Nora dear—" and he drew nearer and made some suggestion of putting his arm round her waist, cut short by—

"Don't. Please. The truth is—I have seen from your letters for some time it was with you. You felt your engagement a burden, and so I wrote to release you. Indeed—indeed, I did it for the best. Your heart has never been in it, Frank. Some day you will thank me. I could not go on with it if I did not feel certain it was for your happiness."

Miss Conway had recovered her powers of expression, and looked very pretty and appealing, as she laid one slender hand on Frank's arm, and lifted her big blue eyes to his face.

"It's hard to be thrown over like this, without a word of warning. Why couldn't you have found it out sooner?" was all the reply that came to his lips. He felt it was not a happy effort.

"I was not sure, and I shrank from giving you pain, dear. I shall never, never feel the same towards anyone—but if I only know you are happy——"

Here she turned sharply away and pressed her handkerchief gently to her eyes with good effect.

"Nora—darling! Don't give up so readily! I know I can't write decent letters, but I'll make you a good husband if you'll give me the chance."

She shook her head.

"Just a few months more to wait! You know it's not my fault that we have been engaged so long" (another gently mournful shake of the head)—"unless you have seen any fellow who will suit you better ——"

Nora turned on him with a face full of outraged tenderness.

"How can you insult me so!"

There came a crushing of footsteps on the gravel behind them, and they instinctively fell into position.

Miss Conway put up her parasol and strolled on. Frank lounged indifferently beside her.

They were close to the end of the Parade and must perforce turn; which they did, coming face to face with Major Dalrymple enjoying his early pipe, Lord Gerald tripping jauntily in his little polished boots and gaiters, and Maisie between them, with her big wet-coated retriever. Paul pulled out his pipe and came to a dead stop, as if he were pointing. Maisie smiled at Frank and bowed to Nora with rather an astonished air.

"Good morning, Miss Conway. I didn't know you knew Captain Crofton."

"We have met before—some time ago," said the fair Leonora, demurely, with very pink cheeks. "Good-morning, Lord Gerald."

"My dear! Good morning to you. I'm just delighted to meet you! Here's my brother-in-law and his friend come down on purpose to make your acquaintance. This is Major Dalrymple. Paul, my dear fellow, let me introduce you to your future sister in-law—the lady who is going to honor the family by becoming Lady Gerald Mountjoye!"

Tableau! Curtain falls.

Betrayed by a Jackdaw.

BY A. C. S.

A LITTLE, wizened-looking man of short build, with a stubby and unprosperous beard of lightish-brown color, a pair of sharp, suspicious eyes, which darted at your face now and again very keenly, and a mouth that seemed to have been wrung away through biting knotty crusts, or perhaps by the ravages of neuralgia.

Truthfully Dick had taken his share of crusts with the world, for they seemed to have been his natural inheritance.

He was put off with crusts when too small to remonstrate at the injustice, and every one seemed to have followed in the track of his parents with their donations of crusts, supposing him to be a receptacle for them. This is a way the world seems to have.

This stinting and stunting had warped Dick's nature and given him a dry, harsh tone, as it had an unlovely face and figure; but he had never budged at his destiny, taking to the crusts as they came along, and crunching them, bitter or sweet, with the dogged hope that some day the people who had been getting the ginger-bread would change places with him.

This was not a nice spirit for a young man to cultivate, and some people, a good deal better off than Dick, might criticise it, although they might have no objection to his eating their crusts.

It was, therefore, the fortune of Dick not to be loved much either by his family or by his neighbors, while against his greater neighbor, mankind, he nursed almost insensibly a little well-deserved grudge on his own account.

Withal, he was prosperous in a way, a very humble one, and in an avocation not usually chosen by ambitious people.

It was not chosen by Dick, with whom necessity supplied the place of preference in a good many matters.

He was engaged in the sale of second-hand clothing in the great centre of that trade, the renowned X—— Street, of which the surroundings, although unique, are painfully unromantic, and where the names of the house of Isaac predominate over all others, ancient and modern.

The shop was not the property of Dick, but of the Widow Creecy, upon whose death it would belong to Dick, his brother, and two sisters.

Dick, however, composed the management, as the widow was bedridden, the daughters lazy, and the brothers worthless.

With these conflicting elements it was hardly possible to expect an angelic disposition in Dick, who, in order to get the crusts which kept body and soul together, was shut up eternally in the grim looking shop among the cast-off garments, while the others amused themselves as they liked best, and abused Dick for variation.

The drudge confined his mind to business and then let them go, a course he had found to be the most profitable, and had consequently adopted. By this means, he had found to be the most profitable, and had consequently adopted. By this means, he had brought the affairs of the family from bankruptcy into the comfortable condition of a three hundred pounds surplus.

This three hundred pounds were kept in a safe, ready to be expended at any moment when a favorable opportunity presented for buying new stock.

The sole companion of Dick during all this long apprenticeship to patience and thrift and the miscellaneous virtues which go to make a successful merchant was a meagre and dilapidated jackdaw.

Between Dick and the jackdaw existed a strong sympathy and something of a resemblance.

They both looked inured to hard knocks. The jackdaw was minus a leg and an eye. His survival was due to the interference of Dick, who had purchased its immunity from further mutilation at the hands of his brother by administering a licking to him.

Since then the bird had devoted itself to Dick, with the gratitude which the dumb creation invariably shows for kindness from man.

There was even a similarity in the manner of speech of the jackdaw and its master, for the bird could speak fluently a few sentences which Dick, with some care, had taught it to remember, and the sharp, incisive style in which it said these things had been copied unconsciously by Dick.

There was also a sagacious and sententious manner about the jackdaw which Dick, probably from studying it, had adopted to advantage.

But if the jackdaw's preference for its deliverer was marked, its dislike for the brother who had maimed it was quite as conspicuous. At his approach, Jack would select a dark and secure corner, from which retreat it would never venture till he had left the place. From this corner, with the red light of its eyes gleaming like diabolic fire, it would watch its enemy with a malignant look terrible to witness even in a bird.

Unmistakably they loathed one another, and it was doubtful if the vanity of the jackdaw could ever have been appeased for the loss of its leg and eye even if its hatred had been overcome, pride being such a strong ingredient of its nature.

It was the custom of Dick to put up his shutters at about ten p. m., and after bolting himself securely in, to retire to a comfortable crib he had made himself in the back of the shop. Sometimes, it was true, he consoled himself for an hour with his newspaper, but more often, being tired, he went straight to bed.

The jackdaw, perched on a beam some ten feet above him, watched over the slumbers of the young merchant as if it had been his guardian angel.

It was some two hours after he had adjourned to bed, one wet, miserable winter's night, that Dick was awakened by his friend the jackdaw in the way it usually awoke him when he overslept himself in the morning, or when suspicious sounds aroused the fears of the watcher.

It was by pecking gently at its master's nose that the jackdaw roused Dick from his slumbers, and brought him, rubbing his eyes, to his feet.

Dick soon discovered the cause of the jackdaw's alarm. There was some one tapping gently on the window.

Putting on his cloths, Dick went immediately to the front of the shop, and found that his brother Harry was outside beseeching admittance.

There was not much love lost between the brothers, as Dick looked upon Harry as a scapegrace, whose deficiencies he had to make good by extra labor, and Harry considered Dick as the worst kind of a curmudgeon.

So with some reluctance Dick opened the door, and his brother walked in, smelling very strongly of drink and tobacco, and appearing to be in no good humor.

Dick carefully bolted the door after him and led the way up the shop to where the stove still burned brightly, and pushing a seat towards his brother, he sat down opposite to him, saying—

"Well, what is it you want with me, now you are inside?"

A tipsy smile came over the face of the loafer as he blurted out—

"Some of that stuff as you have salted down, my boy. I'm in a hole and I want fifty pounds to get out of it."

"Fifty pounds!" answered Dick, with amazement and indignation: "and what do you think I have scraped and worked early and late for? That you might go off and spend fifty pounds of the savings when you thought of it? You might have spared yourself the trouble of calling me out of bed, for you certainly won't get a penny here."

"Listen to the gov'nor," said the other, with a derisive chuckle. "Think ye'll put me off like that, do you? Now, look ye here, Dick, 'taint no use to make any fuss over the matter. I must have the money or else go to prison. Now, I ain't going to do no such thing, when a brother of mine has got his hand right on a cash box with at least three hundred pounds in it, d'ye hear!"

"That's all right," answered Dick. "Keep straight and work, and no one'll ask you to go to prison."

"Come, Dick," said the other, trying conciliatory measures, "give us a tenner, so that I may make matters straight first for to-night, and I'll see mother about the balance in the morning. 'Pon my word, I'm only out on parole. I promised to be back in ten minutes with the money, and they just know where to put their hands on me this minute."

There was an ugly, artful look in the fellow's eyes when he said this that would have made Dick cautious about opening the safe if he had been dealing with a stranger, but he did not think ill enough of his brother for that, and so to rid himself of the nuisance, he unlocked the door, and took out a roll of notes.

The sight of the money seemed to rouse the avarice of his companion, and stretching hastily forward, he tried to snatch the notes from his brother's grasp, but was not quick enough.

The baffled man looked at Dick for an instant with an ugly scowl, and the next moment his hand was round his throat, while Dick was struggling on the floor.

"Police! police! Let me up!" shouted Dick, clasping his roll of notes closer.

Then in an instant he saw a glittering blade in his brother's hand descending towards himself.

"Oh, spare me, Harry!" cried the helpless Dick, but the cry for mercy came too late, the knife was plunged deeply into his body, and the red-handed Cain was the possessor of the fruits of his industry.

There were no traces of drunkenness about the murderer now.

The shock of his desperate action had sobered him. He looked at the dead body at his feet, and kicked it aside. Then he turned to the safe, and taking the money, placed it in his own pocket.

Next he approached the window, and looked out into the street.

It was unusually quiet. There was not a human being in sight.

Once more he returned to the scene of his butchery. The body of Dick lay still and harmless on the floor. He lifted his eyes to look around, and for the first time he saw the jackdaw seated on its perch, looking intently at him, as if perfectly aware of all that had happened.

"Now your champion is gone. I'll settle with you, you black demon," said the murderer, as, with a savage oath, he attempted to capture the bird. But his old enemy was far too keen for him: dodging behind shelves and bundles, he managed

to evade pursuit, and so, fearing to risk staying longer, he made sure that the course was clear, and disappeared into the dismal night.

* * * * * *

When the murder of Dick Creecy was discovered, the best detectives available were put on the case to work it up.

It proved, however, to be one on those unsolvable mysteries with which the police often have to deal.

Each clue, after being inevitably correct turned out a mere chimera, and was reluctantly abandoned, until finally the case was considered to be exhausted and was given up.

Meanwhile, the Widow Creecy, after burying her son, decided to sell out the clothing shop, and the stock was announced for sale by auction.

Not the slightest breath of suspicion had ever been directed towards Harry, but, nevertheless, he had avoided the shop by a kind of instinct ever since the murder, and entered it for the first time while the sale was going on.

There were not many people present—a few of the neighbors engaged in the same business, who were looking for bargains, and a solitary detective, who had dropped in accidentally with the vague idea that he might find a clue.

As soon as Harry arrived, the detective walked over and sat down beside him; to talk over the case. They were near the stove, and the auctioneer was standing on the exact place where the struggle had happened.

The detective was propounding some absurd ideas, and Harry was amused to think how far off his conclusions were from the right point.

Suddenly; during a slight pause which had occured in the business, a scream was heard.

The murderer looked up to the place from whence it came, and his head turned strangely dizzy. What did he hear? What was the sound, which held all the people spellbound, and directed all eyes to himself?

"Oh, spare me, Harry! Oh, spare me, Harry! Oh, spare me, Harry!"

Right through his brain that sickening sound seemed to go, while there, perched up on the seat, sat the jackdaw, with the diabolic fire burning in its eyes, screaming as if it would never stop this last appeal his brother had made when he had plunged the knife into his bosom.

In vain the disconcerted man tried to recover himself, and to smile off the deadly sickness which had come over him.

Before the malignant gaze of those two eyes riveted mercilessly upon him, he quailed and trembled, and as the murderer tried to shuffle out from the crowd around him, the detective laid his hand upon his shoulder, and whispered—

"I think I have the right clue! You had better come with me!"

THE "ELEPHANT MAN."—The "British Medical Journal" publishes an elaborate account of this unfortunate person (who died recently in a London hospital), with engravings from photographs: He was afflicted with two terrible deformities—overgrowth of certain bones and a severe skin disease of a disfiguring nature.

Two enormous bony outgrowths developed on his forehead, and the bones of the upper jaw, right arm and both feet were of great size.

The skin disease consisted of wart-like masses, quite superficial on some parts, but forming large excrescences on the back of the head and loins. The skin formed large loose flaps on the right side of the chest and the lower part of the back. The eyelids, ears, left arm and other parts remained free from the skin disease. The high masses of bone on the forehead, with the prominant nose and lip, which hung downwards, owing to overgrowth of the skin, gave an elephantine appearance to the features. The head, during the past three or four years, grew so heavy, that at length the man had great difficulty in holding it up.

He slept in a crouching position, with his hands clasped over his legs and his head on his knees. There can be no doubt that the weight of the head killed him, as stated at the inquest. The poor fellow was grateful, intelligent and interesting.

EMBARRASSED BY THE LIGHT.—A reporter of a Burlington, Iowa, paper describes as follows an interesting event that occured in that city the other evening:

"The writer; strolling leisurely homeward, had almost overtaken a young couple, still more leisurly strolling along, very much engrossed in each other's society, when suddenly the electric light gave out. For a minute or two the whole procession stopped, utterly blinded by the sudden change, when, presto! the light flashed out again, and disclosed the aforesaid couple tightly wrapped in each other's arms, a stately head bent low over an upturned face, and a wealth of raven tresses scattered promiscuously over a proud, masculine shoulder. Maybe there wasn't a nasty scramble for correct positions. Your informant ventured the remark, 'pleasant evening!' (you know it appeared rather pleasant), but he got no reply. Is this irregularity of lighting a necessity, or are they simply playing a joke on us?"

"JOHN, did you leave Mr. Jones' umbrella at his house?"—"No, ma," said John—"And why did you not, my son? Didn't I tell you to?"—Yes, ma," said John; "but didn't you tell me a little while ago, to keep something for a rainy day? and what better thing can I keep than an umbrella?"

A Man-Fish.

BY J. CASSEL.

At one o'clock in the afternoon of June 21 18—, I was in the crow's nest or "look-out" on board a whaler, and we were bearing up for Valparaiso from the Juan Fernandez Islands, when I caught sight of a floating human body on the lee bow, and half a mile away.

We had only a light breeze and the sea was scarcly disturbed, and from my perch aloft I could see even the fish as they played about us.

I had scarcely hailed the deck when the floating man raised his head, kicked his feet under the surface, and after waving his arm as a signal, began swimming down to us.

The sight of a man out at sea, provided with nothing whatever to float him, was queer enough, but there was something much more queer in store for us.

I have seen the natives of almost every country in the water, but I never saw anything like the speed this man made as he came down to us.

He just scudded through the water like a yawl with her sail set to a stiff breeze.

All the men mustered forward to get a sight of him, and as he came alongside he checked his space, took a long survey of our craft, and coolly called out—

"What ship is that?"

"A whaler," answered the mate.

"Want any hands?"

"Yes, we'll ship you," replied the captain.

"Very well, sir; I'll come aboard."

They threw him a rope and he soon stood on deck, the only unconcerned person in the ship.

He asked for a chew of tobacco, wrung the water out of his clothes, and when the cook brought him some food he did not appear over hungry.

He refused dry clothes, saying that he felt better when damp, and when he had finished eating explained—

"My name is Tom Finch. I left the English brig *Saxon* two days ago. I can steer a boat or fasten to a whale with any one. Give me a job and let me turn to."

"You left the *Saxon* two days ago? Where was she?" queried the captain.

"A matter of fifty miles to the northwest."

"At sea?"

"Yes, sir."

"How did you leave her?"

"Said good-bye to my watch, went overboard, and have been floating ever since."

There wasn't a man in the ship who believed the story. Indeed what intelligent man would believe it?

And yet it was real truth, as we discovered when we reached Valparaiso. The *Saxon* was there, and half a dozen of her crew had seen him go overboard as stated.

A man fish had come aboard of us. There never was a mermaid, but he certainly was a merman.

He was next to amphibious.

He was with us sixteen months, and during that time was the wonder of our crew and of every other crew we met.

He was a stalwart, good looking fellow of thirty five, but his interior may have been built on the fish principle.

He swam as swiftly as some kinds of fish, and without seeming to tire. He could not be drowned, and no shark would bite him. I said he was a queer man. The reader probably agrees with me.

Our carpenter was laid up with a broken leg, and when Finch announced that he could use tools he became carpenter temporarily.

After we left Valparaiso, no longer doubting the story of his two days' float, he gave us a marvellous exhibition of his skill as a swimmer.

In running back to the South we struck the tag end of a cyclone and got a terrible sea.

Our big ship was pitched about like a gig, and the waves walled up on us now and then until their crests seemed to tower fifty feet above the rail. Everything was lashed and double lashed, and the cook could make us even a cup of coffee for twenty hours.

While we were lying to and hanging on for life, Finch stripped to his shirt and pants, and went overboard for the fun of the thing.

The best man among us would have been drowned in five minutes. He was in the water for two hours, and when he came out he did not puff as heavily as a man who had run across the street.

A hundred times in those two hours we thought he was lost, but he had no more fear for himself than if he were on dry land.

In the sixteen months, I saw him go overboard as many as fifty times, in all sorts of weather, by day and night, and yet he never met with an accident.

Among Tom's many adventures was his escape from the Greek pirates of the Ægean Sea, a couple years before he joined our ship.

I give this because every particular is a matter of official record.

He was one of the crew of an Italian brig making a voyage to Constantinople, and on the return, while becalmed among the islands at the mouth of the Archipelago, a couple of boats carrying twenty men each, pulled out from one of the islands and attacked them.

There were thirteen men on the brig, and though poorly armed, they gave the pirates a hot fight before the vessel was carried by boarding.

When Tom saw that all was lost, he hid himself away, and was not discovered until the brig had been towed into a cove.

The Greeks had cooled off then, and instead of cutting his throat, they took him ashore to make a slave of him.

The island was the rendezvous of a bad gang, and it seemed that a portion of them were away on the expedition.

For this reason the brig was pulled into the cove, which had very deep water, anchored stem and stern, and her overhauling was deferred until the other party should return.

Tom was the sole survivor of the crew, and he was treated like a dog. He had a smattering of the language, and he was told that any effort of his to escape would be rewarded by burning alive.

Nevertheless, on the second night of his stay, he stole away from his hut to the water, swam on to the brig, boarded her by the fore chains, and finding the two men on the anchor watch fast asleep, he brained them with a capstan bar.

The cable at the stern was of hemp and easily cut.

The other was of chain, and Tom managed to slip it just as the tide turned.

The brig was outside of all the small craft, and, as the night was dark, no one saw her drift away.

Drift she did, however, aided by a fortunate breeze, and the next morning she was sighted by a British man-of-war heading up from Crete.

The Italian Government made the Greeks pay a good round sum for the outrage, and Tom got money enough out of it to have kept him all his days had he been a landsman.

He left our ship with more fuss than he had entered it. For sixteen months he seemed perfectly content, and was well up to his work. Then the owners at home got into trouble and had to sell out, and we hauled into Rio Janeiro one day to find we were to be paid off, and a new captain put in charge of our ship.

Such of the men as wished to go were shipped for a new cruise in another ship. Most of us signed articles, though none of us liked the new captain.

It was curious that he and Tom Finch took a strong dislike to each other at first sight, but the sailor had signed and would not desert.

We had only got well outside when the new captain made us a speech. We had made an average cruise up to this date, and the ship was in good condition all the way around; but in spite of this, he must needs set to work to insult and abuse us.

We had been five days out when the row came. Several of the men had been brutally knocked about without excuse, and one day as we were on the whaling ground, and Tom was placing his boat in order; the captain took occasion to find a great deal of fault.

He kept at it until he roused himself to fury and struck the sailor. We knew that Tom would never stand that, nor did he. He squared off and felled the captain like an ox, and during the confusion, he took refuge in the cabin, and barricaded the door and armed himself.

Wasn't the skipper wild when he came to. He issued all sorts of orders, but took precious good care not to expose himself to Tom's fire.

The sailor held the cabin for three days, allowing the crew to move about as they pleased, but watching to fire upon the captain if he exposed himself.

On the third night, when we were a good hundred miles off Cape Frio, he dropped out of a stern port into the open sea, and the first we knew of it was when we heard him laughing as he swam away.

Six months later we met some men belonging to the Scottish whaler Janet, and they told us that they picked Tom up when he had been afloat three days, and landed him, several weeks later, at Bahia.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Queen Victoria has made the fortunes of two bear leaders; not social bear leaders, but the ordinary kind. She met them in the Windsor Park and commanded a performance. The bears went through their diverting repertory, and her Majesty showed her appreciation by a liberal "tip." "Since the bear leaders have received the patronage of royalty they have been invited to perform before the nobility and gentry of the kingdom, have been interviewed, and are gathering in British cash. They are Frenchmen, and will go home to France rich."

Of a maniac, who has just died near Greensboro, N. C., a despatch from there says: He was seventy years old, and for fifty years he had been chained to the floor of the house in which he died. He was a monstrosity, his head resembling a lion's more than that of a human being. Up to his 20th year he was regarded as harmless, but he suddenly developed a vicious disposition and would attack anyone who ventured near him. He broke his chain 20 years ago and was at large for a day or two. He was recaptured with difficulty and only after he had been wounded.

"The lions of India," says a native paper, "are going like the buffaloes of America. Within the memory of many persons lions were common enough in Rajputana, and even now a roar may be heard occasionally in the wildest parts of Central India; but the new railway from Nagpur is now being built through this country, and that will drive out the few remaining lions in the central provinces. Practically the only lions remaining are said to be the race existing in Kattywar. Their number remains, it is believed, about stationary. They are specially preserved for royal sport; but even they are regarded as doomed."

A sleepy passenger in a late "L" train, in New York, the other night after a half dozen doses, became imbued with the idea that he was home, and took off his shoes, stockings, collar, necktie and coat. He then doubled himself up in a seat and remained there until the conductor came along and convinced him that he had gone to bed in the wrong place. At South Ferry he got out, his coat over one arm and collar and necktie in hand, bought a ticket, completed his toilet before the train started on its return trip, and dozed away until he reached Fifty-ninth street, when he alighted. His only explanation was that he was a victim of absent mindness.

THOMAS GREY, aged 13 years, son of Thomas Grey, of Verplanck, N. Y., died on Thursday last from the effects of excessive cigarette smoking. He had been fishing during the forenoon and waded in the water for several hours, and upon returning home in the afternoon was attacked with a congestive chill, succeeded by convulsions, death ensuing within a few moments. The Coroner impanelled a jury and an inquest was held, the jury returning a verdict that the youth had died from heart failure, superinduced by cigarette smoking. It was the opinion of the attending physician that the boy would have recovered from the rigors of the chill, but for the fact that the heart action had been so weakened by cigarettes that the natural recuperative power was destroyed. Young Grey had been addicted to the cigarette habit for several years.

"I was never so flustered and perplexed as I was the other day," said a woman to a writer on a Pittsburg paper. "I was coming back from Chicago, and in the car I met an old friend of my school days. I was very glad to meet him; so was he, I think, to meet me, and anyhow we indulged in a host of reminiscences. But I was uncomfortable from the very first because I could not remember his name. I did remember that at school we used to call him 'Dumpy,' because of his somewhat diminutive and stocky appearance, but I couldn't address a middle-aged gentleman, a wealthy fancier, by such a name. His last name I couldn't remember at all. I wanted to find out his name—you know how awkward it is to keep on saying Mr. or Sir to a man. How to get it out of the man I tried to think. I suppose my brain got muddled attending to several matters at once, for at last I said: 'Let me see—what was your name before you were married?' The look of astonishment on the man's face I shall not soon forget. I discovered his name; but it did not make feel much more comfortable."

Our Young Folks.

MRS. CARPENTER BEE.

BY M. S.

THAT is a good-sounding name, is it not? You would expect to find the owner of it a substantial well-to-do sort of body; and I think you will say, when we have seen her at home, that it very aptly describes the little lady I am going to make you acquainted with to-day.

I daresay you do not know how very well the trades are represented in the bee family; there are upholsterer bees, carpenter bees, mason bees, mining bees, carder bees, and lapidary bees. If we set out to visit them all in their different homes, it would take us a long time to get round, would it not? Don't be uneasy; I am not thinking of taking you to see each one. One can have too much even of a good thing, and half an-hour's chat with Mrs. Carpenter Bee will be quite as much as we can do with. We shall get to know something of her cousins through her, I have no doubt.

The one thing you know about a bee is this, that she carries a nasty little instrument in the end of her tail, which it is not nice to become acquainted with.

Put the sting out of your thoughts today; she will be far too polite to use it upon us in her own house. Indeed, she only does use it in self-defence, and if we show regard for her feelings she will be careful of ours.

If you had been introduced to Mrs. Carpenter Bee in the sunshine of a May day you would have thought her a gay and giddy thing, without a serious thought in her little metallic blue body, flashing about in the sunshine on four gauzy wings.

A very gay little insect she was then, hardly more than a quarter of an inch in length, flitting here and there amongst the trees, just, as if she were intoxicated with May sunshine.

It shows how mistaken one may be by appearances. Mrs. Carpenter Bee is not a creature made only to enjoy a spring day; she has her work to do in this world, and she does it so well that you must beg her pardon at once if you have thought of her as a happy idler.

She belongs to a family noted for its perseverance and industry. She is not one of the hive bees: remember that.

They are family connections of hers, but that is all. She lives quite by herself, and when we go to see her we shall find her alone.

Shall we not see Mr. Carpenter Bee you ask?

No; he takes himself off somewhere, and leaves his little wife to bear all the responsibilities of home and do all the work.

Very naughty of him I think I hear you say.

Well, you know he is only a bee; it would be naughty of him if he knew or had been taught any better.

Mrs. Carpenter Bee does not mind in the least being left; she loves her work, and perhaps if her husband stayed at home she would turn him out for being in her way.

Come and let us find her.

We do not need the magic carpet to day, her house is not far to seek: here, in this old garden post, soft and just getting ready to decay. If it were quite rotten she would not choose it for her home, but when the wood is rather soft she is saved a lot of trouble.

Now I want to show you something of the strength of purpose and power of endurance which are in the little body that once danced so airily in the sunshine.

You will find the same thing in the world by-and-by; some of the people who laugh the most, and are the brightest of heart and spirit, will bear the most and get through the most.

Mrs Carpenter Bee would have no objection to finding a hole ready drilled into the post she has fixed upon for her home; if there had been such a one she would have filled it up to suit her purpose, but as there was no hole she set to work to make one.

She carries her boring apparatus in her jaws, you know; or, to speak scientifically, in her mandibles. And a wonderful instrument it is, and so cleverly adapted to the work she has to do.

But do not suppose that because a bee is a bee that each one is supplied with exactly the same tools; how could they do such different work if they were? There are differences in the mandibles of different bees.

With those jaws of hers, Mrs. Carpenter Bee gnaws off a little bit of the soft wood, flies away with it, and drops it; back she comes, gnaws off another piece, and flies away again, in another direction this time. She knows better than to put all these tiny bits of wood in the same spot, and we must watch her very closely, for there is a reason —and a very good one too—for everything she does.

When she flies away with her pieces, dropping them always in different directions, she does not fly straight back to the post either, but she makes a little circuit, and gets back in a roundabout away.

Why does she do this?

It is a wise and necessary precaution of hers; she has set to work to prepare for her future babies, and it is for their sakes she takes all this care, as you will hear.

She is trying to avoid attracting any observation; she wants to keep the place she has fixed upon for her house as secret as possible, for she knows of at least one pair of eyes—those of her most mischievous enemy—that will be on the look-out, and waiting to take advantage of any unguarded moment.

It seems quite a little thing to you that a bee should make a hole in a post, but to little Mrs. Carpenter Bee it is truly a tremendous undertaking

When the hole is made wide and deep enough for her purpose, her task becomes a pleasant one. She flies away to the fields then to gather pollen from the flowers, and carries it home on her hind legs.

She will have to take many trips backwards and forwards before she has gathered enough bee-bread to pack into the bottom of her house. When this is done, she lays a tiny white egg on it, and then sets to work to build a roof over this egg and the food supply for the baby that will come out of it. If there is a clay quarry anywhere near, she will go to that now, and bring home clay enough to make the roof, or partition, moistening it with liquid glue of which she carries a supply in her mouth.

When one egg has been covered in, she gathers more pollen, lays another egg, makes another roof over it; then more pollen, another egg, and another roof.

Busy little creature that she is, she never rests until the hole has been filled up in this way, and five, six, seven, or eight eggs have been laid and divided off from one another.

She does not fill the hole quite up, but leaves just enough space for herself to sit inside, and wait for the coming out of her babies. So here she is at home, and this is how we find the industrious little mother, waiting and watching for the arrival of her little ones.

The eggs soon hatch out a tiny white worm in each cell, and they fall to work upon the store of pollen at once, eating with all their might.

By-and-by this worm, or larva, as it is called, becomes a pupa, or chrysalis: then a little later the pupa skin bursts, and out comes the full fledged bee—legs, wings, and all complete.

The baby in the bottom cell has to wait until all the rest are ready, and then up they go to gladden the heart of the hard-working little mother.

OBEDIEACE REWARDED.

BY L. O.

One evening, Edward was talking to a lady who visited at his mother's house, about a very large kite, which he said used to fly higher than the tallest trees. "And what has become of this famous kite?" asked the lady.

"Oh," replied Edward, "it flew to the top of the house and caught in one of the chimneys; and when it was taken down the paper was torn to pieces; but I am glad the frame was not broken, for when I have money enough I shall buy some very large sheets of paper, and make a kite quite as large as the one I have lost."

The lady took a few shillings from her purse and gave them to Edward, that he might buy the paper for his kite whenever he chose.

Edward turned the money in his hand, but did not speak. Soon after, the lady went out of the room, and did not see Edward again that night.

The next morning, as she was coming down stairs to breakfast, she heard a whispering sound, and she saw Frances, Edward's eldest sister, running to peep, as if to look for some one. Just as the lady reached the parlor door, Edward came forward and put a letter in her hand, and then ran away so quickly, that the lady could not find time to speak to him.

She opened the letter and was astonished to find the money she had given Edward, wrapped up in it. She then read the following words: "Mother does not permit us to accept money from any visitors: I am very much obliged to you, and should have been glad to buy the paper for my kite; but I cannot keep it without disobeying mother."

Now, the lady knew that Edward could not write;—therefore, that Frances must have advised him to return the money, and that it was not his own doing.

But she learned, that Edward had begged his sister to write for him; and she was so happy to find her little friend an obedient boy, that she promised she would ask his mother to allow him to receive the money; and "I think," said she, "your mother will not refuse, when she hears how well you have obeyed her commands."

All the children were assembled in the parlor after breakfast, when the lady was telling the history of the money to their mother. They were very much afraid that Edward would not be permitted to keep it; but their mother would not refuse the kind lady's request, and the children manifested their joy, by jumping about the room.

Edward was particularly happy, because his mother praised him, and said she should be able to depend on him for the future. He ran up stairs to put his money in a drawer, for he could not buy his paper that day, as the shop where it was sold was two miles from his father's house.

His brothers and sisters were preparing to have a game at blind man's buff; and they called him to come and play with them. It was Edward's turn to be blind-folded, and as he was running round the room, he accidentally ran against the window, and broke a pane of glass. This was a terrible accident!

Edward knew that he ought to run directly, and tell his mother that he had broken a window, as she had commanded him always to tell her of any accidents that happened. But he did not move at first, for he also recollected that he must give all his money to pay for the mending of the window; for their father had made a rule that his children must always pay for what they broke.

Frances thought it would be better for him to go to his mother immediately.

"Oh yes," said he, "I intend to tell her very soon; but I must wait a little while, for I feel ashamed to go into the room at present; father is there, and the lady who gave me the money.

His sister still entreated him to go directly; Edward went up stairs very slowly, for he was considering what he should say to his mother. He at length opened the door, and went round the back of her chair. He stood there for some time, until his mother told him that he shook her chair too much, she could not work, and requested him to go down stairs, to play with his brothers and sisters.

"I have broken a window," whispered Edward.

"I am sorry to hear it," said his mother.

When his father heard that a window was broken, he asked him for the money to pay for it.

Edward went up stairs to fetch the money that he had received in the morning from the lady.

His father took the money because he would never allow his children to neglect any regulation he made; for he wished to teach them to be careful, and not to injure anything while they were at play.

If they knew they should be obliged to pay for any damage they might do, they would exercise much greater care, and a habit of carefulness is of great importance.

The lady who had given Edward the money, was present all the time, and she could not help feeling very sorry for his disappointment; she was happy however, to find that he would neither be disobedient to his parents, nor attempt to deceive them by concealing anything from them.

This lady lived at some distance from Edward; but as soon as she returned home, she went to a shop, and ordered several articles for the children; Edward received a hobby-horse, and great was the delight of the children, when confined in the house on rainy days, to mount the gallant little steed, and endeavor to imitate their father's horsemanship, when proceeding to town on Lightfoot.

Edward, too received a large kite from his kind friend, when the spring arrived, and it was the right time for flying kites. Edward received it joyfully, and his parents were happy to see him rewarded for his obedience.

The kite proved to be a very fine one, and his brothers and sisters accompanied him to the field whenever he wished to raise it, assisting him in getting it up, and enjoyed themselves much in seeing it fly to a great height in the air.

BIRDS AS PROPHETS.

That birds have long been guides to sailors and agriculturists every one who knows anything about popular weather prognostics is well aware.

Not only have the flight and general action of birds been noted by all civilized nations, but among barbarous tribes in this and other lands the migratory habits of the feathered tribe have discounted prognostics of official weather forecasters.

Wind, rain, and other atmospheric changes are predicted by those who narrowly watch the migration of birds, and sailors in particular, who are close observers of the heavens above, the atmosphere around them, and the waters beneath them, base their prognostics on all the peculiar phases of land, water, and sky, and the elements of life which people them.

Among the birds which serve to guide the sailors to look out for squalls, the sailor expects wind when the cormorants fly landward.

If the gull soars to lofty heights and, circling round, utters shrill cries, a storm is approaching.

If the parrots whistle on shipboard it will rain. If they dress their feathers and are wakeful it will storm the next day.

If the petrels gather under the stern of the ship bad weather will follow.

The stormy petrel surely betokens stormy weather, and no sooner do they gather in numbers under the wake of a ship than sailors prepare to meet an impending tempest.

Hunters are close observers of the habits of birds, and many prognostics are learned from the vocabulary of an experienced hunter, who will stay indoors in the morning when an amateur hunter will be tempted out by a clear sky, to come back in the rain, or will find that a moderate temperature in the morning is no sure precursor of a warm day. Among the prognostics the hunter draws from birds a few will suffice:

If birds in the autumn grow tame,
The winter will be too cold for game.

Bats flying late in the evening indicate fair weather, but if they speak flying it will rain on the following day.

If chickens crow before sundown it will rain the next day. If they go out in the rain it will rain all day. If they run to shelter it will not rain long. If they come off the roost at night rain will soon follow.

One crow flying alone is a sign of foul weather, but if the crows fly in pairs the weather will be fine. If crows make much noise and fly in a circle rain is expected.

If the cuckoo hallocs in low land it will rain; if on high land it will be fair.

Domestic fowl look towards the sky before rain and go to roost in the daytime. If they stand on one leg the weather will be cold. If birds are fat and sleek in February it is a sign of more cold weather.

If geese walk East and fly West it will be cold. Pigeons return to their dovecotes unusually early before rain.

Owls hooting in the daytime indicates rain, but if at night the weather will be fair.

When the peacock loudly bawls
Soon we'll have both rain and squalls.

When wild geese and wild ducks move South the weather will be cold; if North the weather will be warm, and birds migrate South much early if the winter will be early. A severe winter follows if the crows fly South, but if they fly North it will be an open winter.

FRANK GRATTON, a painter, was charged before Justice Kavanaugh at Long Island City, L. I., with throwing a pot of paint over the hand and face of Nicholas Redline, completely spoiling the latter's personal appearance for the time being. Gratton was employed painting a house in Dutch Kills. He had placed a twenty-five-foot ladder against Redline's house, which stood within three feet of the building which he was working on.

Redline ordered him down, and to hasten the painter's movements he pulled at the foot of the ladder with a hoe. Gratton is nearsighted, and, fearing that Redline would upset the ladder, he upset his bucket of red paint.

It struck Redline on the head and made him look like an Indian. He ran shouting down the street, followed by a crowd which quickly gathered. He ran into a barber shop where his appearance caused a panic among the patrons of the place. Some took the paint for blood and shouted for the police. Redline's hair had to be shaved off to the scalp.

MEMORY BELLS.

BY NINETTE M. LOWATER.

Why do you haunt me, dreams of the past?
Tender blue eyes full of passionate pain,
Lips mute with anguish, hands tightly clasped,
Do you think me happy, that you come again?
Some terrible spell is upon me to-night—
The past, like a Nemesis, clutches my heart;
I see but one face, with its agony white—
Depart, I beseech you, O visions, depart!

Is it not enough that my step has grown slow,
And my eyelids are heavy with unshed tears?
Must I still hear your voice—stern, passionate, low,
Like the voice of doom: "In the coming years
You will long for the love you have cast away,
For the heart you have trampled under your feet,
For the arm whose strength would have been your stay,
And then my vengeance will be complete."

How the memory-bells toll o'er the grave of the past!
How the echoes roll through my tortured brain!
The pride that I leaned on has failed at last,
And I call it back to my aid in vain.
I buried the past in a grave wide and deep,
But the shadowy ghosts will awake and arise;
Oh, say you forgive me, and let them sleep!
I pray you have mercy, O haunting blue eyes!

EARLY TELEGRAPHS.

The ancient Greeks and Romans practised telegraphy with the help of pots filled with straw and twigs saturated in oil, which, being placed in rows, expressed certain letters according to the order in which they were lighted; but the only one of their contrivances that merits a detailed description was that invented by a Grecian general named Æneas, who flourished in the time of Aristole, intended for communication between the generals of an army.

It consisted of two exactly similar earthen vessels, filled with water, each provided with a cock that would discharge an equal quantity of water in a given time, so that the whole or any part of the contents would escape in precisely the same period from both vessels.

On the surface of each floated a piece of cork supporting an upright, marked off into divisions, each division having a certain sentence inscribed upon it. One of the vessels was placed at each station; and when either party desired to communicate, he lighted a torch, which he left until the other did the same, as a sign that he was all attention.

On the sender of the message lowering or extinguishing his torch, each party immediately opened the cock of his vessel, and so left it until the sender relighted his torch when it was at once closed. The receiver then read the sentence on the division of the upright that was level with the mouth of the vessel, and which, if everything had been executed with exactness, corresponded with that of the sender, and so conveyed the desired intimation.

To descend to more modern times. Kesler in his "Concealed Arts" advised the cutting out of characters in the bottom of casks, which would appear luminous when a light was placed in inside.

In the "Spectator" of December 6 1711, there is an extract from Strada, an Italian historian, who published his 'Prolusiones Academicæ" in 1617. In the passage referred to, the modern system of telegraphy is curiously indicated. It is as follows:

"Strada, in one of his Prolusions, gives an account of a chimerical correspondence between two friends by the help of a certain loadstone, which had such virtue in it, that if it touched two several needles, when one of the needles so touched began to move, the other, though at never so great a distance, moved at the same time and in the same manner. He tells us that the two friends, being each of them possessed of one of these needles, made a kind of a dial-plate, inscribing it with the four-and-twenty letters, in the same manner as the hours of the day are marked upon the ordinary dial-plate.

"They then fixed one of the needles on each of these plates in such a manner that it could move round without impediment so as to touch any of the four-and-twenty letters. Upon their separating from one another into distant countries, they agreed to withdraw themselves punctually into their closets at a certain hour of the day, and to converse with one another by means of this, their invention.

"Accordingly, when they were some hundred miles asunder, each of them shut himself up in his closet at the time appointed, and immediately cast his eye upon his dial-plate. If he had a mind to write anything to his friend, he directed his needle to every letter that formed the words which he had occasion for, making a little pause at the end of ever word or sentence, to avoid confusion.

"The friend, in the meanwhile, saw his own sympathetic needle moving of itself to every letter which that of his correspondent pointed at. By this means they talked together across a whole continent, and conveyed their thoughts to one another in an instant over cities or mountains, seas or deserts."

It was not till near the close of the seventeenth century that a really practical system of visual signalling from hill to hill was introduced by Dr. Hooke, whose attention had been turned to the subject of the siege of Vienna by the Turks.

He erected on the top of several hills having a sky-line background three high poles or masts, connected at their upper ends by a cross piece. The space between two of these poles was filled in with timbers to form a screen, behind which the various letters hung in order on lines, and, by means of pulleys, run out into the clear space between the other two, when they stood out clear against the sky line.

The letters were thus run out and back again in the required order of spelling, and were divided into day and night letters—the former being made of deals, the latter with the addition of links or lights; besides which there were certain conventional characters to represent such sentences as, "I am ready to communicate," "I am ready to receive."

In his description of the device, read before the Royal Society on the 21st of May 1648, Dr. Hooke, after claiming for it the power of transmitting messages to a station thirty or forty miles distant, said:

"For the performace of this we must be holden to a late invention, which we do not find any of the ancients knew; that is, the eye must be assisted with telescopes, that whatever characters are exposed at one station may be made plain and distinguishable at the other." A cipher code was subsequently added by an ingenious Frenchman named Amontons.

A great stride was made in 1793 by M. Chappe, a citizen of Paris, when the French Revolution directed all the energies of that nation to the improvement of the art of war; reporting on whose machine to the French Convention in August of the following year, Barere remarked:

'By this invention, remoteness and distance almost disappear, and all the communications of correspondence are effected with the rapidity of the twinkling of an eye."

This machine could be made to assume certain positions which were symbolical of letters of the alphabet. In working, nothing depended on the operator's manual skill, as the movements were regulated mechanically.

Grains of Gold.

To give much and expect little is one secret of good fellowship.

Love will never be constrained; it melts away under the least touch of tyranny.

No one can arrive at perfection, or acquire true virtue save by means of humble, faithful and continual prayer.

Nothing draws us nearer to others than a display of unaffected good nature and kindly bearing. Instinct discriminates between the real and the sham.

Those whose gentle ways spring from the true source are indeed blessed; their geniality is not only a fountain of contentment to themselves, but it defines happiness to others.

Take heed of the arrow—it flies noiselessly and penetrates as noiselessly; yet it inflicts an almost incurable wound and kills suddenly—this arrow is nothing else than vain-glory.

One of the characteristics of sanctity, is to be unexacting and uncomplaining. Every complaint, even when just, throws us back one step in our ascent up the heights of virtue.

Beware of lightly condemning the actions of others; the intention of our neighbor must be considered, and this is often right and pure, even though the action may outwardly appear reprehensible.

Let us be particularly on our guard lest vanity or self love, insinuating itself into our actions, if not at the beginning, at least during their continuance or at their close, ruin the value of them.

The best beloved is he who gladly pours out the wealth of his affection without measure or comparison—who trusts his friend and feels grateful for his love and confidence, but who exacts nothing.

There are few things which contribute so largely alike to the happiness and success of each individual and to the welfare of the community as for men and women to pursue excellence in their work for its own sake.

Femininities.

The New York Sorosis has 165 members and $4000 in the treasury.

Women have fewer vices than men; but they have stronger prejudices.

Miss Jennie Fox aged 13 years, of Clark county, Ill., has received a check for $1,000,000 left her by an uncle who died in Texas.

Husband: 'Let us go to the lecture to night." Wife: "I have nothing to wear." Husband: "Then let us go to the opera."

A young woman has just taken first place at McGill University, Canada, this year, and of five medals women have captured three.

An Aroostook, Me., couple were married recently whose combined ages were 20 years, the bride being 14 and the bridegroom one year her senior.

Ouida uses on her hair and eyebrows a scent that costs $30 an ounce. She can't bear starched muslin, and the touch of velvet makes her flesh creep.

Mrs. Langtry says: "A woman of the deadest white skin, with light blue eyes and blonde hair, becomes a poem when she dons a yellow gown."

Stanley's chosen bride was the subject of the famous painting "Yes or No?" And it happened oddly that he didn't get the "Yes" until his second proposal.

She: "Ezra, where are you going to take me and the children this summer?" He: "Sha'n't take you anywhere. I suppose I'll have to send you somewhere, though."

Harry: "And do you think, dearest, that you will always love me as you do now?" Dearest: "Oh, never mind the future, Harry; sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

It may be that visitors in Central Park, New York, are "surprised and pleased" at the sight of a woman riding straddle back along the bridle paths, but we take leave to doubt it.

One strong well-directed blow sends the nail truer to its home than do a dozen coaxing taps. One fit and earnest word carries more weight than does a whole yard of high-flown eloquence.

A fond mother in Baltimore, after searching over nearly the entire town, one day recently, for her missing 4-year-old child, went into the bedroom and there found the little one sound asleep.

Julia Honore Grant, the 16 year old daughter of Minister Fred Grant, can speak Spanish, German and French. She will make up for the time lost by her historic grandfather, the "silent man."

The "beefsteak tenderer" is a new-fangled invention which agents from the dressed beef districts of the West are said to be endeavoring to introduce into the boarding-house districts of Eastern cities.

It is said that the Princess of Wales is not charmed at the prospect of becoming a grandmother and protests against it by dressing more youthfully than ever, in spite of her constantly increasing deafness.

According to an official estimate, public instruction is provided in Bengal for 1 boy in 4 of the population, and for only one girl in 87. In Bombay 28 per cent. of the boys and 3 per cent. of the girls are enrolled in the schools.

Mrs D Exquisite, a bride: "Harry, dear, why does Mr. L'Haberdash lean over the table in such a dreadful way when he eats his soup?" Harry: "The instinct is inherited from twenty generations of ancestors who had beards and not napkins."

Still ground for hope. "But, Clara, what could you have been thinking of, to engage yourself to such an absent-minded man?" "I repent my word every minute; but my hope is that when we get to the church he will forget and say 'no' instead of 'yes.'"

A colored dentist in Macon, Ga., uses no instruments except his fingers in extracting teeth. By means of long practice his fingers have become as strong as forceps, and he claims that he can pull teeth faster and with less pain than any dentist with instruments.

The wife of an English lord who is travelling with him in India has had the honor of killing a tiger, and will return home to receive an ovation. The tiger was caught in a trap, tied in a knot and laid on the ground, and she walked up and shot him with a pistol.

During the summer holidays of each year the immensely wealthy Duke of Westminster takes in about $9000 in sixpences and shillings, paid by sight-seers for admission to his country seat, Eaton Hall. He gives every penny of it to charitable institutions.

Mabel: "The man who marries me must have a good, big bank account." Emma: "You don't mean to say you will marry solely for money?" Mabel: "No, not exactly; but if any one swears he loves me I shall require a deposit merely as an evidence of good faith."

Helen Keller, a deaf, dumb and blind girl from Tuscumbia, Ala., has within the last few weeks been taught to speak intelligibly. This is the only well authenticated case of the kind that has ever been known in the world. The faculty of articulate speech was acquired through the sense of feeling.

Miss Gadder: "Oh, dear! I do hate Spring! It's such hard work for me to select becoming gowns and bonnets. I do so envy Mrs. Mayfair." Mrs. Chase: "Why, my love?" Miss Gadder: "Because she looks lovely in mourning, and she has such luck that scarcely three months pass that she does not lose a relative."

Recently, while a Buffalo family was moving, the mother suddenly missed the baby. The infant could be heard crying, and the mother finally conjectured that she was inside of a roll of carpet. It was true. The baby had been left in the middle of the sitting-room floor, and the men who took up the carpet tossed a breadth over her without observing her, rolled her up in it and stood the carpet up in the hall. The child when rescued was puncture here and there with rusty tacks and her mouth was partly stuffed with carpet dust, but otherwise she was all right.

Masculinities.

A learned fool is more foolish than an ignorant fool.

Nature makes us vagabonds, the world makes us respectable.

The lover, like the husband, is the last man to get at the facts.

It frequently turns out that the queen of diamonds is a knave of hearts.

"Kidnap" comes from the napping or stealing of a kid, gipsy for child.

One word—"drink"—explains the downfall of a once wealthy Pittsburger who was admitted to the Almshouse lately.

Many a man who objects to carrying a bundle home from the provision store goes home from the barroom loaded.

Elsa: "It's the little things that tell in this life." May: "Well, you'd think so if you had two small brothers, as I have."

The greater part of our lives is thrown away in fiction. It is only in maturer years that we awake to the stern realities of life.

Colonel Yerger: "Well, how did you like the pic-nic?" Gilhooly: "I was so glad to get home again that I was glad I went."

"John," said the dying man, "will you be one of my pall-bearers?" "I shall be only too glad to, old fellow," replied John, sympathetically.

The Duke of Northumberland, perhaps the greatest land-owner in England, has just entered his 81st year. He owns more than 200 000 acres.

A Washington lady who has attended many baseball matches says she has learned that the pitcher does not try to throw the ball so that the man can hit it.

Henpeck says that his wife's mental resources are inexhaustible. She's continually giving him a piece of her mind, without any apparent falling off in the original supply.

Max O'Rell says: 'Club life is unknown in France, except among the very upper classes. Man and wife are constantly together, and France is a nation of Darbys and Joans."

At the bachelors' assembly. Miss Rancher, aged 35: "There are numerous pretty young girls here to-night, aren't there?" Mr. Oncort, suggestively: "Yes; and there are some pretty old ones, too."

An obstinate farmer in New Jersey, who refused to pay toll because the road was in bad condition, saw his folly afterwards, when, on being sued, he had to pay costs amounting to $9. The toll was a few cents.

A tramp piled a lot of ties on the Northern Pacific track, near Portland, Oregon, the other night, and then gave warning to an approaching train. He succeeded in being made a hero and in living high until close questioning elicited a confession.

Do you know how full the world is, all around you, of things that are missed by those who say nothing, but go on living somehow without them? Do you know how large a part of life, even young life, is made of days that have never been lived?

"I will be a sister to you," she said. "No," he replied sadly; "I've got one sister who wears my neckties, borrows car-fare, loses my hair brush, puts tidies all over the furniture in my room, and expects me to take her to the theatre twice a week. I think I'll go out into the world and forget you."

Young Paris mashers are now said to wear colored shirts—pink, blue or red—in the evening. They are displayed with the regular low-cut evening waist-coats, and to heighten the contrast they are fastened by large jet studs. The demand for such shirts is already so great that they cannot be made fast enough.

A couple in Hancock county, Me., who promised over 30 years ago to take each other for better or for worse, seem to have suddenly come to a realising sense that their engagement had been long enough, as a local paper reports that the minister was called on one night recently to get out of bed and perform the marriage ceremony.

A certain Young Men's Christian Association recently invited a gentleman to deliver an address. He did so, and flattered himself that he had made a good impression on the audience, but was somewhat taken aback when the Chairman at the close of his address gave out the hymn, "Art thou weary, art thou languid, art thou sore oppressed."

Judge: "It would be more respectful to this court, sir, if you would keep your hands out of your pockets. Why do you not do so, sir?" Defendant: "Just for the novelty of the thing, your honor." Judge: "Novelty! What d'ye mean?" Defendant: "Fact is, your honor, my attorney has had his hands in there so long I'm tickled to death to get a chance at them myself."

It is devoutly to be hoped that the favorite wife of the Shah will recover her eyesight at Vienna, whither she has gone to be relieved of trouble with her optics. The court physicians at Teheran, who advised the visit to Vienna, were locked up at the time of her departure, and they will not be liberated until she safely returns. If she dies from the operation they will be promptly put to death.

Frequently the manner in which both sole and heel are worn away is the result of the wearer's mode of walking. For instance, the man who is bow-legged naturally treads first, in walking, on the outer side of the sole; the effect of this will be to wear off that side in advance of the other parts. With the man whose knees turn inward—what is termed knock-kneed—the effect will be the opposite.

Although Mr Lincoln was methodical in many things he was slovenly in some of the details of his business. He had no particular place for anything, for the reason, maybe, that he didn't have the particular place. One smiles as he sees a yellow bit of paper, which was evidently a binding for a bundle of papers, on which are written these grieving words: "When you can't find it anywhere else look in this."

Recent Book Issues.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

In the June number of the *Popular Science Monthly* president Andrew D. White has a paper on "The Antiquity of Man and Egyptology." Herbert Spencer concludes his article on "Justice." Hon David A. Wells contributes a description of certain "Evidences of Glacial Action on Southeastern Connecticut." Prof. C. H. Henderson has the fourth of his illustrated articles on glass making—"In the Atelier of a Glass Worker." Among other articles are, "Atmospheric Dust," by Dr. William Marcet; "Utility in Architecture," by Harr Ferree; "Education and Crime," by Rev A. W. Gould; "Affirmative Side of Agnosticism," by James A. Skilton; an illustrated description of "Tin and its Native Land" "Animal and Plant Love;" "Natural and Artificial Cements;" a sketch of Theodore Schwann, the discoverer of the cell theory in biology, with a portrait; and a well filled Editor's Table. D. Appleton & Co., publishers, N. Y.

Lippincott's Magazine for June is an eminently readable number. The complete novel, "Circumstantial Evidence," is contributed by Mary E. Stickney. Robert Kenneway Douglas has an interesting article upon "The Origin of Chinese Culture and Civilization." A paper upon the late George H. Boker is furnished by an intimate friend, Richard Henry Stoddard. Robert Burns Wilson, a Southern poet, has a poem entitled "Lee: A Chant of Remembrances." "Fiction for the People" is an entertaining article by Arthur Goddard. Jeanette L. Gilder contributes an amusing character sketch entitled "Joy," and Agnes Repplier has a piquant essay on "Reality in Fiction." The first instalment of an entertaining series called "Round-Robin Talks" appears in this number. It gives an account of the gathering together of a collection of bright people, including Julian Hawthorne, Max O'Rell, John Habberton, Edgar Fawcett, Maurice Barrymore, and others. The article is full of amusing anecdotes, clever talk and brilliat repartee.

The June *Magazine of American History* completes the twenty-third volume of this monthly. The issue for June is as usual rich with interest. In the opening article, "Some Old New Yorkers," the Hon. Charles K. Tuckerman presents a most entertaining variety of personal reminiscence. The second article is an illustrated sketch of the famous Simon Kenton of Early Kentucky, by Miss Annie E. Wilson, entitled "A Pioneer and his Corn Patch." Then follows a strong, carefully prepared historic essay on Canadian affairs by Dr. Prosper Bender, significantly styled "Our Northern Neighbors, Difficulties to Union, Race and Creed Troubles, Uncertain Future." Mrs. Lamb furnishes "American Belles and Brides in England." Franklin A. Becher contributes "A Study of Political Parties" which is crowded with good points. Roy Singleton writes a short sketch of Bishop Wainwright. Samuel Barber has an elaborate and very interesting article on the "Disasters on Long Island Sound."

St Nicholas for June has an exciting and instructive story, "With Stick and Taread," by L. Clarke Davis, relating a boy-fisherman's triumph in capturing a red drum with rod and reel. It is illustrated by M. J. Burns. Another striking story is "A Divided Duty," by M. A. Cassidy. "Hurdling" is described and analyzed by Herbert Mapes, intercollegiate champion, and the article is illustrated both from photographs and by H. A. Ogden. "Orie," by Florence A. Merriam, is a pretty story of a pet Baltimore oriole, illustrated. A novel feature is "A Living Chain from Adam to Abraham Lincoln," or a list of historic personages, each of whom has been seen by the next in order, since the beginning of the world. There are poems by Celia Thaxter, Grace Deno Litchfield, Margaret Johnson, and Katharine Pyle; and numerous verses, or jinnies, by George M. Murphy, Valentine Adams, William Wye Smith, and Laura E Richards. The number is rich in continued articles. "Crowded out o' Crofield" for the boys; "Lady Jane" and "Margerie and her Papa" for older and younger girls; "Bat, Ball and Diamond," the valuable base ball series, by Walter Camp; "Six Years in the Wilds of Central Africa," by Stanley's officer, E. J. Glave, and "Through the Back Ages," the geological papers by Teresa C. Crofton. Besides all these, nearly every one of which is richly illustrated, there are the departments and other features of interest. The Century Co., New York.

ABOUT TREES.

The first notice of the weeping-willow, an emblem of death, in England was as follows:

Alexander Pope, the poet, while he lived in his pretty villa on the Thames, received a present of a basket of figs from Turkey. He was informed that the basket was made of the same species of willow as those under which the Jews sat, while in captivity in Babylon.

Pope, with a faint hope that these twigs would grow, planted them in his garden, and, to his great delight, they took root.

Year by year he was besieged by visitors who begged slips of these peculiar trees, and from them came all the weeping-willows in our land.

Some doubt is cast on this story; but if it is not true is is at least pretty.

One thing is certain, the prefix "weeping" came from the fact that the Jews of Babie times sat under them and wept.

The Bohemians had a superstition that it was on one of these trees Judas hanged himself; from which circumstances they esteemed it unlucky.

For some reason, yew-trees generally find their home in the church yard, probably owing to their sombre appearance. Before the invention of guns, our ancestors made their bows of the yew-tree.

It has been, from the earliest times, regarded as an emblem of mourning, first by the Egyptians, from whom the Greeks copied it.

The Romans took the idea from the Greeks; and they, in their turn, introduced it into England, with their occupation of the island.

In funeral processions, branches of the yew were carried over the dead by the mourners, and thrown under the coffin in the grave. It is also a solitary tree, the custom of planting them singly being equally ancient with its association with death.

The value set upon the yew and other trees is known in an extract from the ancient laws of Wales:

"A consecrated yew, its value is a pound; a mistletoe branch, three score pence; an oak, six score pence; a yew-tree (not consecrated), fifteen pence; a sweet apple, three score pence; a sour apple, thirty pence; a thorn tree, seven pence half penny; every other tree, four pence."

About five miles from the Hertfordshire residence of the Marquis of Salisbury, at a place called Tewin or Jewin, there grows from out of a grave five large trees, about which there hangs a tale.

It is said that Lady Grimstone, during her lifetime, denied the existence of a God; but added, that if she found a God when she went hence, five trees would grow from out of her grave.

In the natural order of events, her unbelieving ladyship died and was buried. Singularly enough, five trees did grow from out of the grave, splitting the masonry to pieces, so that it and the railings which were around it became a perfect wreck.

How much truth there may be in the story I cannot say, but the slab bore, or did bear the following inscription:

"Here lyeth Inter'd the body of the Right Honorable Lady Anne Grimstone, wife of Sir Samuel Grimstone, Bart., of Gorhambury, in Hertfordshire daughter of the late Right Honorable the Earl of Thanet, who departed this life Nov. 22, 1713, in the 60th year of her age."

The circumstance has frequently been quoted as affording indubitable proof of the immortality of the soul.

A BIT OF MISERY.—A bit of misery that was as complete as words can picture was ground out of the grist mill of the grim old Tombs Police Court, New York, lately. An old woman, feeble and shaking with palsy, stood before the Judge.

She was clothed in rags, her scanty gray hair was dishevelled, and her wrinkled old face and hands were covered with dirt. She was the embodiment of apathetic hopelessness as an officer told how he had found her staggering along James street early on Saturday night badly under the influence of liquor.

Mary Fisher, she told the Judge was her name. Was the officer's story true? Yes, she supposed it was. Then she passed her hand wearily across her weak eyes and told the court she didn't remember much that happened on Saturday.

"I was nearly crazy with grief, Jedge," she said. "Me good man, me husband died in the afternoon. Forty years we lived together, very poor, but making the best of things as we found them. He was always good to me. When the end came I left the garret where we lived to buy a suroud. I was cold and wake and hoping it would strengthen me I wint and drank just a wee drap o' whisky. Whin I got back to me room I found that the body of me man had been taken away by the corporation, sur, and buried. He was the only frind I had. I felt so bad and so lonely that I went out and begin to walk the streets. I must have drank some more and got drunk. I'm not used to liquor, yer anner, and a very little goes to my head."

The old woman was discharged. Casting a look of mute gratitude toward the Judge she shambled out of the court into the streets.

IT is not work that kills, but worry. It is not the revolution that destroys machinery, but friction. Work is good for the soul, good for the body, and good for the mind. If you want a good appetite don't worry. If you want to stand well with yourself and the world, and want things to go right in your home and your business, don't worry. If you want to save up one hundred cents on the dollar, do not worry.

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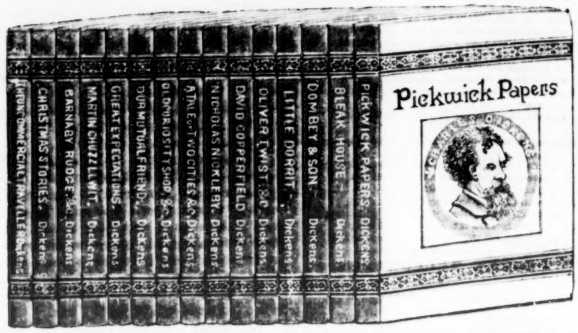

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The Saturday Evening Post,

726 Sansom St., Philadelphia. Pa.

A REMARKABLE FEAT.—A despatch from New Haven, Conn., says:

A truck horse performed a remarkable feat Monday—swimming a mile and a half across New York Harbor. The horse and his mate ran away with a heavy truck wag on to which they were attached, and plunged into the water at Long Wharf. One of the horses was killed, but the other managed to extricate himself from the harness and struck out for the East Haven shore. He swam directly away from the wharf, pointing straight for the opposite shore. Longshoremen followed in a row boat, catching up with the horse about three hundred feet from the dock.

The horse paid no attention to the boat men, and kept on swimming in a straight line. About a quarter of a mile from the dock he struck mud and floundered. He was helped up by the men in the row boat, however, and started again for the shore. A short distance further on he again struck a mud bank, and rolled over on his back, but once more he was assisted to his feet, and working his way through the mud, again started out, this time in deep water. He swam as straight as an arrow, and did not need further assistance until within a short distance of the shore when he struck a reef of fine stone and disappeared under the water. The spectators on shore thought he had gone down for good, but the next instant he came to the surface, and, clearing the reef, found a firm foothold and walked ashore through water about three feet deep. He was exhausted, but apparently uninjured.

TOYS.—It is interesting to visit a toy shop in any large city, and learn where all the toys come from. Those made of wood, like building blocks and all games that can be turned out by machinery, are manufactured chiefly in America.

Rubber dolls, too, are made almost altogether in this country. But when it comes to hand-made toys Germany leads all other nations. There is one place, Sonneberg, having a population of about 10,000, where almost the only industry is doll-making. The people are very poor, and wages so low that is no sort of use for Americans to try and complete with the handiwork of these peasants.

The French excel all other peoples in making expensive dolls that can talk and shut their eyes, and are elaborately dressed; but for dolls costing only one cent and upwards nobody can beat the Germans.

Carved wooden toys, too, which are sold by thousands in the city of Nuremburg, are marvels of cheapness. For instance, a set of furniture consisting of three chairs, a bureau, a table, a sofa and a mirror, all carefully done up in a box, can be brought by American wholesale dealers for seventy-five cents a dozen! Toy horses, cows, elephants and other animals are made largely by the inmates of German prisons.

AN EXTRAORDINARY TREE.—One of the most extraordinary of African trees is that known as the baobab. It is almost a forest in itself and serves for a complete sylvan palace on the largest scale. Rarely growing more than seventy feet high, its branches extend horizontally, supported by a trunk which has a girth greater, it is believed, than that of any other known tree. One of these extraordinary trees was found in measurement to be forty feet in diameter. The age of another—counting the concentric rings—was found to be 5,000 years at the very least.

Delmonico's "chef" says: "We cannot smoke; we cannot chew. Tobacco spoils the taste. Alcohol is almost as bad, but we could not live in the eternal heat and odors without stimulant. We limit it, though, to wine at each meal and two cocktails a day. We must know everything and never make mistakes. French, English, Americans, they are all alike, and will forgive anything quicker than an insult to their stomachs."

CHARCOAL powdered and taken with a little water is recommended for cleansing the blood.

Humorous.

SHE MIGHT AS WELL.

Too diffident he was to kiss
The maiden by his side,
Although he loved the winsome miss
And sought her for his bride.
Said he, as in the twilight's gray
They wandered up and down,
"An anti-kissing club, they say,
Has just been formed in town;
Do you intend to join?" She sighed,
And as her lashes fell
O'er cheeks with crimson blushes dyed,
Replied: "I might as well."

—U. N. NONE.

A current event—Jelly.

A bargain counter—A woman.

Lives from hand to mouth—The dentist.

Native teacher, to African convert: "How do you like your missionary?" Convert, in a brown study: "Baked!"

A correspondent wants to know "how long girls should be courted?" On stilts, of course: short ones on chairs.

"There's one good thing about a dog's pants," said Harkins. "What's that?" "They never bag at the knees."

"That champagne," said Bliggins, "is what I call a nectar fit for the gods." "Maybe; but it's something of a misfit for human beings, it strikes me."

"I should think it is wrong for the newspapers to treat the new death penalty with so much levity." "You do?" "Yes; electrocution is no choke."

"I wouldn't be a farmer if some one would present me with the best farm in the country." "Why not?" "Because a farmer's duty is sometimes simply harrowing."

One of the funniest things about children is the way, when they have hurt themselves, they start and run all over the house until they can find somebody to hear them cry.

Ed: "What do you understand by a paradox?" Ned: "Well, for instance, the more ice cream you give your girl the warmer grows her affection for you. Understand?"

Mr. Mifson, a wealthy widower: "My little boy is very slow about learning to walk. I really don't know what to about it." Miss Passay: "Why don't you get him a stepmother?"

Cora: "Miss Fussanfeather's hair used to be black. I see it has turned to a chestnut. How do you account for that?" Clara: "I believe she has been using the so-called funny papers to do her hair up in."

Mrs. Lushly: "And there you were, when the policeman found you at 3 in the morning, hugging a cigar sign. Oh, it's just awful." Mr. Lushly: "My dear, it surely is not possible that you are jealous of a cigar sign."

"No, I never know where my husband is nights," remarked Mrs. Gabley to a lady to whom she had just been introduced. "Do you know where yours is, Mrs. Tompkins?"

"Oh, yes," quietly replied Mrs. Tompkins; "I buried Mr. Tompkins in Woodlawn Cemetery last January."

"How is the lawsuit with the fellow who swindled you out of four thousand going on?"

"Oh, that is all settled."

"Ah, I see. So you got the money back from him?"

"No, not at all; but he has married my daughter."

Distinguished prince, at foreign watering place. "My dear mees, you are looking so vigorous—so charmeeng! Surely you do not need to drink ze waitaire."

American heiress. "No, Prince. This is my fifth season in Europe. I am not here for my health this time."

"My dear," said the aunt of a young widow to her niece one day, "is that your husband's portrait on the wall?"

"Yes, auntie."

"How blissfully happy, and what a heaven on earth must have been his life below," simpered the aunt.

"Ah, yes," said the widow; "but we divided the thing up, so that when he became blissful in heaven, I became happy on earth."

Miss Bountiful: "How is poor John, today, Mrs. Simmer?"

Mrs. Simmer: "He's powerful bad, Miss The doctor says he can't live more'n a day or two longer."

"I am so very sorry! John was such a faithful, good servant. What can I do to help you in your distress?"

Mrs. Simmer: "Well, miss, if you really would like to help me, I'd be monstrous thankful if you'd give me a little money to buy a new parlor carpet. This one is so shabby I'll be freely ashamed to ask folks here to his funeral."

You can make a large sum of money at work for us in your own locality during the next few months. Those who engage with us have received over Five Millions of dollars for their services—more than a barrel of money. We want a few more workers at once. The work is easy, pleasant, adapted to both young and old. If either sex. You can work all the time or in spare time only. Any one can do the work after studying our directions for a day or two. This is the chance of a lifetime for those who apply at once. Any one anywhere can earn $100 per month. Great workers, under the most favorable conditions, earn $20 a day and upwards. No class of people in the world are making so much money, without capital, as those at work for us. Whatever you have done, or whatever you may do, you should look into this royal chance. You will find that you can easily make all that we claim, and more. If you write to us before we secure all the workers we need, we will lay all before you FREE. Better write before you rest, and then if you conclude not to go to work, or if we cannot employ you, no harm is done. Every one of our workers makes big money. TRUE & CO., Box 299, Augusta, Maine.

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A representation of the engraving on our wrappers.—RADWAY & CO. NEW YORK.

Sore Throat, Colds, Coughs, Inflammation, Sciatica, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Nervousness, Diphtheria, Influenza (Sporadic or Epidemic), Difficult Breathing.

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CHILLS AND FEVER.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure fever and ague and all other malarious, bilious and other fevers (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS), so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. Fifty cents per bottle.

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THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER

FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASE.

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Bleeding of the Lungs, White Swelling, Tumors, Hip Disease, Bronchitis.

Not only does the Sarsaparillian Resolvent excel all remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional, and Skin Diseases, but is the only positive cure for

Kidney and Bladder Complaints,

Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria and in all cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance, and white bonedust deposits, and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins.

Dr. Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent.

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken down and wasted body. Quick, pleasant, safe, and permanent in its treatment and cure. Sold by all druggists. One Dollar a Bottle.

RADWAY'S PILLS,

The Great Liver Remedy.

Perfect Purgatives, Soothing Aperients, Act Without Pain. Always Reliable and Natural in Their Operation.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. Radway's Pills for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.

☞ Observe the following symptoms resulting from diseases of the digestive organs:

Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness of Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering in the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried or Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dots or Webs before the sight, Fever or Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Breast Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning of the Flesh.

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TO THE PUBLIC.

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Inventors of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEE AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to nape of neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead	

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also Dollard's Regenerative Cream, to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER,
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov. 29, '88 Norwich, Norfolk, England.

TO MRS. RICHARD DOLLARD, 1223 Chestnut st., Phila.

I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS,
Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA.

I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract, or Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best Wash I have ever used.

A. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N.

I have used constantly for more than twenty-five years, "Dollard's Herbanium," for removing dandruff and dressing my hair, also for the relief of nervous headaches. I have found it a delightful article for the toilet, and cheerfully testify to the virtues claimed for it. I would not be without it.

JAMES B. CHANDLER,
No. 306 Chestnut Street.

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This Can Be Done by Means of the

INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE to the PIANO or ORGAN.

Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called, or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS. In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it IMMEDIATELY, correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE. THE GUIDE shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys. Thus the player has the full effect of the bass and treble clefs, together with the power of making the correct and harmonious chords in accompaniments. It must be plainly understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and WITHOUT FAIL is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book, and without previously needing to know the difference between A or G, a half-note or a quarter-note, a sharp or a flat. The Guide is placed on the instrument, and the player, without reference to anything but what he is shown by it to do, can in a few moments play the piece accurately and without the least trouble. Although it does not and never can supplant regular books of study, it will be of incalculable assistance to the player by "ear" and all others who are their own instructors. By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

The Guide, we repeat, will not learn how to read the common sheet music. But it will teach those who cannot spend years learning an instrument, how to learn a number of tunes without EITHER PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OR STUDY. A child if it can say its A, B, C's and knows a tune—say "The Sweet Bye and Bye"—can play it, after a few attempts, quite well. There are many who would like to be able to do this, for their own and the amusement of others, and to such we commend The Guide as BOUND TO DO for them ALL WE SAY. Its cheapness and usefulness, moreover, would make it a very good present to give a person, whether young or old, at Christmas. Almost every home in the land has a piano, organ or melodeon, where seldom more than one of the family can play. With this Guide in the house everybody can make more or less good use of their instruments.

The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of FIFTY CENTS. (Postage stamps, 2's, taken.) For Ten Cents extra a music book, containing the words and music for 100 popular songs, will be sent with The Guide. Address

THE GUIDE MUSIC CO.,
726 SANSOM ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Latest Fashion Phases.

The double-breasted sack roundabout should not appear in dark goods during the warm weather. The style indeed is only tolerated in white flannels, or perhaps navy blue, where the air is breezy off shore or on the beach. The cut should then be very easy and negligé, and the reefing jacket—for that is what it is in summer construction—only worn with a negligé shirt.

The wearing of a piece of black silk braid about one fourth of an inch in width, down the trousers seam, has been introduced. The scheme is not objectionable unless the cloth is so light in shade as to make the contrast too marked. Upon a dark gray striped mixture the effect is excellent.

The origin of the narrow cloth band now very frequently seen on the high silk hat may not be generally known outside the immediate guild of tiledom. It was first put on by the gentleman of England when the Duke of Albany died a few years ago, as a mark of respect to the memory of that popular young nobleman. The idea was taken up over here for its effectiveness; the Americans that went abroad wore the band; it was revived subsequently in London and has been since and is likely to continue correct form.

In spite of the raised collars on our capes and jackets more and more of the smart summer dresses are cut to leave the throat or even the neck bare. Sometimes the bodice is simply rounded or cut down in a short point with a collar, sometimes there is a very decided V, when the bodice is turned back with wide embroidery, and again the waist is cut low and a chemisette fitted in. This last is a girlish style which is capable of being much prettier and much more ridiculous than the most other modes. A round, rosy, bright-eyed creature made a charming picture at a country party one day this week in a blue and white striped silk, the skirt gathered full and undraped and having a broad band of blue velvet about the bottom, edged with a silver cord; the low bodice was edged about with a narrow line of blue and silver, and was open in front to show the high chemisette of old fashioned, sheer thin lawn to the waist line. The leg-o-mutton sleeves were of the same soft white material, the favorite stuff of Southern women in the ante-bellum days.

Paris' dress season is now at its height. A dress of pervanche blue had two gauze draperies crossing over the front, forming a point on the bust and falling with scarf ends. The sleeves were new style, made of two puffings of gauze, which ended at the elbow and fell open over the arm. They are, I suppose, what may be called the draped sleeve, which I mentioned, I think in my last fashion letter. A tea-rose satin had a corselet made of narrow silver and gold cord and the shoulder knots were composed of a tiny bouquet of roses tied with cord, so as to dangle up and down. A superb dress glittered with shimmering steel drops, mixed with gold among the fringe, covering the satin which occasionally peeped through of a blush tint. I noticed that blush colored suede gloves were worn with most superb toilets.

The evening cloaks were very handsome with the new brocaded flower garniture, and gentlemen linger on the steps to catch a last glance of the velvet cloaks covered with gold embroideries and feather borders. Tulle sleeves and diamond dog collars will tempt any woman to make good mental resolutions of a sacrifice of one street dress and a few forty dollar bonnets—for it takes seven a season, a bonnet to every costume—if only to have a dog collar; and now that little dogs are less fashionable—large ones being in favor—the dog might be sacrificed for the collar. Those who cannot afford diamonds use steel. I saw a rose colored velvet bodice with velvet folds on one side and gauze on the other, fastened on the shoulder with a diamond wasp clasp. The skirt was seemingly long and plain and flat, with a long train and had tufts of crepe around bouquets of roses veiling the diamond wasp which fastened each tuft, as a net work of protection against loss. A gold and silver galloon dress was made in bands over satin, and the hair had three bandelettes of galloon.

A severe dress for a young lady, but it is the latest mode.

Laferriere is using black foulards with red wafer spots; indeed, I saw a pink foulard that had five or six tints of wafers trimmed with rows of pink velvet in bands around the skirt in regular school-girl fashion. A black foulard had yellow wafers and a yellow one was studded with jet nail heads. Pekins are striped and trimmed with Venice guipure.

Dresses seem tighter and flatter than ever. Sleeves are made of two materials, but the immense bundle or boss on the sleeve at the shoulder is considered in bad form and has almost disappeared. Redingotes and Princess suits are still in favor. The newest and prettiest bonnets of the season are all spotted with chenille dots gathered on to a delicate tulle and wire frame. They have wide rims and a coquettish flower is placed so as to touch the hair in the back. Small Directoire chapeaux have the black lace falling on the brim and narrow velvet strings to tie. Wall flowers and velvet tulips with cowslips and hyacinths seemed most used on the toques and bonnets. I saw crownless hats at Tiffot's and a Toreador, softened by velvet rosettes, that one finds at no other place in Paris made with her taste. A dragon fly bonnet had a rose chiffon veiled in lace. I think the crepe lisse bonnets make one seem wearing a grandmother's cap and the delicate tinted ribbons not be coming to matrons or even young misses. Lounging gowns and bewitching tea jackets are made of opal and pale Greek-blue colored silk, with an endless amount of lace all tucked in at the waist with gathered sashes.

The new white dresses for young ladies have rows of insertion through which runs tiny baby ribbon and dainty snowball rosettes dangle on the skirts. Tomato green is a new tint in cloth and is worn for street use, but a jockey cap and feather, and if it be not out of place to say a laced boot with cord and tassel, and makes a bon ensemble, for they are fashionable and straight laced.

The rankest solecism imaginable in the way of a hat was a brown derby having a black cloth band, worn by an otherwise intelligent appearing young man. The combination could not have been an ingenious phase of half mourning—unless the keen youth wished to communicate the idea subtly that some relation was half dead.

The voracious appetite of the laundryman exercised on each new style of collar that comes out in the test that is made to see in how few handlings he can rend it to a condition of uselessness is one of the burdens masculinity has to bear.

Speaking of shirts, is it not well to start the day right? That is to say, with no little irritations, such as are occasioned by the hair mussing and temper-disturbing process of wrenching one's self through the starched barricade of the shirt that goes over the head. The new Prince Albert shirt that opens all the way down the front and is donned in the same manner as a sack coat is one of the greatest profanity deterrents of modern times.

I neckwear there are finer goods for less money and better quality goods for the same money than was ever before purchasable. The demand for better grades is therefore greatly enhanced. The big, broad, extra length Ascot in pongee silks and light backgrounds is already eagerly sought after.

The Windsor tie is to be only worn appropriately with the negligee shirt. Worn with a starched collar, the effect of negligee in the irregular nature of the tie, assumes merely the undesired aspect of slovenly arrangement.

Some of the more refined examples of the negligee shirt are of soft plush like surah silk in solid colors. Shades gently off the white in a variety of tints, dividing the honors of demand with the rich effect in unrelieved black.

Custom made neckwear may now be ordered at some of the furnishing stores patronized by the swells. The fabrics are shown in the piece or by sample, and the purchaser selects the patterns and nominates the manner of making up. This, of course, insures the likelihood of having something that no "othah fellah" has.

Odds and Ends.

A FRENCH COOK AND SOUP.

Soups purees a la Crecy.—Cut one pound of carrots (young ones are best) in thin slices, put them in a stewpan with a lump of butter, an onion, and a piece of celery cut small, a little salt and sugar; cook slowly, but do not let them get brown; when light gold color add two large mealy potatoes and a little broth; when the vegetables are soft enough to crush rub them through a sieve with a wooden spoon, and put them back into a clean stewpan, with sufficient broth to make the soup a proper consistency. It will take about a quart of broth, including what is boiled with the vegetables. Boiled rice or fried bread is served with this soup.

Soupe a la puree de navets, (turnips.)—Slice one pound and a half of turnips, put them in a stewpan with an ounce of butter, turn them about, add some salt and a tablespoonful of flour, add sufficient hot water, stock, or milk and water (about three pints), stirring it in slowly; when the turnips are done rub them through a sieve, put back in a clean stewpan, season with pepper and salt and a little sugar, and if made with water or milk and water, a little cream or good butter may be added, but either should be put in the tureen and the soup stirred into it, not in the stewpan.

Soupe a la puree de carottes.—Proceed in the same way as for turnip soup.

Soupe puree de potiron.—(pumpkin soup).—Take one pound and a half of pumpkin without rind, cut it small, and proceed as for Crecy soup, or else proceed as for turnip—soup it is made either way; it should be moderately thick.

Potage a la julienne.—Cut very finely with a knife, if you have not a julienne cutter, four young carrots, two turnips, two stalks of celery, half a parsnip, one leek, one onion, one cabbage leaf, the heart of a small lettuce; add a handful of young peas, some asparagus tops, and a few very small sprigs of cauliflower. Put one ounce of butter in a stewpan, throw in the leeks and onions, turn them about for a few minutes over a moderate fire, add the rest of the root vegetables, with a little sugar and salt; cook a few minutes, then pour in one quart of hot stock; as soon as it boils up add the rest of the vegetables, cook until they are done (about twenty minutes); break into little pieces a few leaves of chervil, put them in the tureen, skim the soup and serve. Julienne is made with any vegetable; of course, peas and asparagus have often to be left out.

Soupe Julienne aux oeufs poches.—Prepare the soup as above, poach as many eggs as there are people to eat them, keep them in cold water until the moment of serving, then put them in a deep dish, pour hot stock over them and send them to the table with the soup.

Soupe Julienne bourgeoise.—Prepare as for julienne, but only put half a pint of water or stock to the cut vegetables. Take the remains of the roots and vegetables, put them in a stewpan, with five or six raw potatoes, peeled, add one quart of water or stock, and a little salt; when well cooked pass through a sieve; add to the julienne, put in a pinch of sugar and two or three chopped sorrel leaves, boil up and serve.

Soupe printaniere.—Cut some little balls or rounds of young carrots and young turnips, throw them into boiling water for ten minutes, then cook them in a little fresh water with a lump of sugar. Take some green peas, some French beans cut in diamonds, asparagus points, a lettuce leaf shred, and some very small sprigs of cauliflower; put these in a quart of hot broth, boil twenty minutes, add the carrots and turnips, with a small lump of sugar, boil up, and serve.

Tomato Soup.—Put two ounces of butter in a stewpan, throw in an onion cut in slices, cook five minutes; then add some parsley, a laurel leaf, one pound and a half of tomatoes, three cloves, a very little nutmeg, pepper, salt and a little sugar; when the tomatoes are done pass them through a sieve. Boil two tablespoonfuls of whole rice in some white stock or water with a chunk of butter in it; when the rice is done add the puree, and more broth or water, if too thick. Ground rice may be used instead of whole. Serve the soup with fried bread.

Soupe puree de tomatoes vermicelle.—Take three ounces of butter and the same of flour, cook together in a saucepan without letting it brown, moisten it gradually with sufficient broth or water to make it a moderate consistency, put on one side, and cook half an hour. Cook without coloring a large sliced onion in a little butter, add ten tomatoes, a little parsley, a bay leaf, salt and pepper; cook until the tomatoes are done, rub through a sieve, and add this puree to the soup; boil five minutes. Boil some vermicelli in salt and water, drink it, put it in the soup tureen, and pour the soup over it.

Soupe a la creme d'orge (barley soup).—Melt an ounce of butter in a stewpan, add a dessert spoonful of flour, cook two minutes; add a quarter of a pound of pearl barley, then in two minutes put in one pint and a half of hot water, boil up and draw aside to simmer; add more water the barley if needed, to cook it; when quite done pass through a sieve, add sufficient veal stock or water to the puree to make it thin enough, season with salt and sugar, boil up, and thicken with the yolks of two eggs, a little cream and butter. Cook the thickening without letting it boil, and serve immediately. A very little nutmeg is sometimes added.

Wild oats in silver and gold ornament the crownless chapeau.

Confidential Correspondents.

BASHFULNESS.—Your blushing is probably caused by too much self-consciousness. Think more of others and less of yourself, and when you have learned to do this you will forget to blush.

TIP TILTED.—There is a machine advertised, or was some time ago, for altering the shape of the nose; but if you are wise, you will have nothing to do with any mechanical measures. Your nose no doubt suits the rest of your features, and altered would not be improved.

JEANIE AND EMMIE.—1. It is not usual to keep engagements rings after a break between the parties concerned. 2. A month is rather a short engagement; it would be well to wait a little longer, unless there are special circumstances to make a hasty marriage expedient.

NELLIE.—Shorthand is very useful to a young lady who is to get her living in any clerical fashion. In conjunction with type writing it makes work much easier and more quickly accomplished. Many persons dictate their letters to clerks, and the advantage of shorthand writing to take them down is great.

QUEEN.—Pale people look better for a little color in their dresses; cream is very trying to anyone with a pale complexion. Every lady should dress her hair in the way that suits her best; a very tall person should not do anything that would add to her height, and arranging the hair on top of the head always makes a person appear taller.

VIVIAN.—We know of no better way of removing the grease than brown paper and a iron. Lay a piece of clean brown paper on the silk, and press it with a hot iron. You will see the grease coming through; then move the paper to a clean place, and repeat the process. You will extract all the grease in time without spoiling your dress.

WALTER'S.—1. You are far too young to be anyone's ladylove at present; you ought to put all ideas of marriage out of your head for the next five years at least. 2. Try what a little vaseline used on your hands at night will do. 3. A present to a young gentleman may be anything pretty or useful; but ladies do not give gentlemen presents unless they are very nearly related to them or engaged to be married to them.

AMATEUR.—An infallible test of the freshness of an egg is to shake it. If it feels solid and gives out no sound it is fresh; if a rattle ensues, as if the contents did not fill the shell, then it is stale enough to be regarded with suspicion. The more pronounced the rattling the staler the egg. The old test of looking at a light through the egg is not certain, as very stale eggs are sometimes tolerably transparent.

MILDRED K.—If you have a spark of spirit you will treat the gentleman with the contempt he deserves and think no more about him. Do not let anyone think you are fretting after a man who has shown you that he does not know his own mind even in such an important business as choosing a wife. Let him go; you are well rid of him; probably he will serve others as he has served you. It is all rubbish to talk of dying over such a fellow.

ESTELLE.—A tepid bath is the best promoter of sleep, a hot one is apt to produce languor and exhaustion, and render sleep impossible. 2. Outdoor exercise and plenty of soap and water should clear your complexion. 3. You must conquer your nervousness by an effort of will, there is no other way. 4. There is no other way of ridding your face of the spots except by pinching them out; apply a little cold cream or vaseline if the process makes your face sore.

B. L. P.—Bird lime differs from resins in being insoluble in the fixed oils. It is prepared by boiling the middle bark of the holly, separating the gummy matter from the liquid, and leaving it for a fortnight in a moist place to become viscid. It is next pounded into a tough paste, well washed, and put aside for some days to ferment. Some oil or thin grease is incorporated with it, when it is ready for use. When well made it is so tenacious that no small bird alighting upon is able to escape. An inferior kind of bird lime is made by boiling linseed oil for some hours, until it becomes a viscid paste.

V. P. P.—The southern and western parts of Alaska are mountainous, and contain little arable land. The northern part is flat, and the Arctic coast is covered with perpetual snow. The Pacific coast is covered with forests of spruce, cedar and fir. The value of the territory consists chiefly in its fisheries, timber and furs. The climate is humid, and less severe than that of regions on the Atlantic coast at a corresponding latitude. The mean annual temperature at Sitka is 42 deg. Fah. Coal is the mineral which has been found in the largest quantities; still, but little of it has been discovered. There is little actual knowledge of the minerals of Alaska. English and Russian are the languages chiefly spoken by the civilized inhabitants. Esquimau and Indian dialects are spoken by the aborigines.

G. V. S.—The negro poetess, Phillis Wheatley, who died in Boston, December 5, 1794, was a native of Africa. She was a slave, and was purchased by Mrs. John Wheatley, who, with her daughters, bestowed upon her a superior education. She wrote verses at the age of 14, and at nineteen visited England, where she attracted great attention, and where a volume of her poems was published. It was reprinted in Boston, and passed through several editions. Her letters were privately printed in 1864. After the family of Mr. Wheatley had been broken up by death, Phillis married a negro named Peters, and it is said that her last days were passed in penury. The volume referred to was published in London in 1773, contained a portrait of the poetess and bore the title, "Poems on Various Subjects, Religious and Moral," by Phillis Wheatley, Negro Servant to Mr. John Wheatley, of Boston, in New England."

JENNIE.—In answer to your first inquiry, we will say that the reason why we "seem to think that painting the face so vulgar," undoubtedly is because we do think so, and have expressed our belief to that effect. Your second question, as to why "all the ladies use powder," &c., we have no means of answering except by asking another, namely, do "all" the ladies use powder? We know several who do not. You are not logical. You want to know "why all the ladies seem to think it vulgar to use paint?" and in the next scratch of your pen you in effect declare that you do not think it vulgar. Do you wish us to infer you are not a lady? Now, as to the case of that lady "who would be very plain without paint, but by using it is called the handsomest lady in the county in which she resides," &c., do you mean to say that "paint" is her normal complexion, and that she never allows herself to be seen unpainted?